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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

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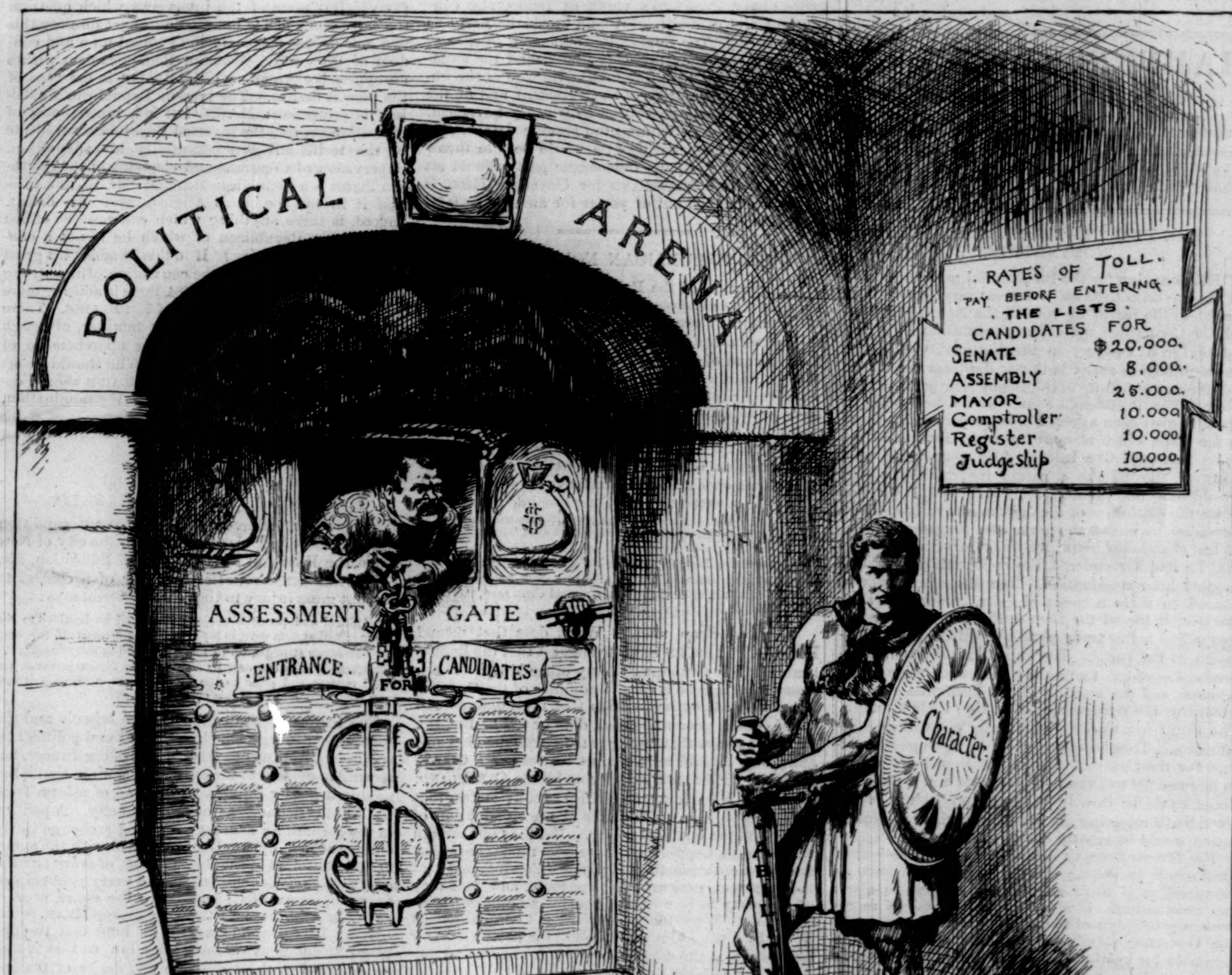

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The number for February 7th is full of good matter. Pursuing his interesting practical papers on Photography, Mr. Alexander Black *treats of In-door Photography, with illustrations;* Mrs. Lillie *writes of the Zither; and* Mr. Allan Forman *has an entertaining article called "The Tyrant in the Tin Tower."*

The fiction in this number consists of the ninth chapter of "A New Robinson Crusoe," by William L. Alden; *a short story entitled "The Crimson Snow"; and a dainty little sketch by* R. K. Munkittrick, *called "The Bird-Child."*

In the next number will be begun a new serial story, entitled

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GLEN HOLLY,

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Author of "The Colonel's Money," "Rolf House," etc.

With Illustrations by Alice Barber.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, February 11, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

THE campaign for the Presidential nomination has begun on both sides, and great significance is attached to the recent tie vote in the New York Democratic Committee upon the presentation of a candidate for a vacancy in the National Committee. The significance really is that it discloses the fact of a difference of feeling in the Democratic party of New York. The President's course at the beginning of his administration angered a large part of his party in the State, which at once turned to Governor Hill as its representative leader. The course of events, however, showed the apparent inevitability of the President's nomination, and his chief opponents made the disclosure of the facts in regard to appointments and removals the pretext for the assertion that he had abandoned his whimsy of reform; and stating that he had surrendered, the opponents prepared to support his renomination. The Message, however, seemed to them a great blunder, because, as they thought, it forced the Democratic party upon what was called a free-trade platform, with a possible division in the party. The anti-Administration Democrats therefore tentatively renewed their little schemes, and the meeting of the Committee was regarded as the opportunity of testing their strength. The result has shown undoubtedly considerable disaffection. This, however, would be unimportant, except for the fact that the vote of New York is held to be essential to Democratic success, and if a serious doubt could be thrown upon the probability of the President's receiving its vote, the Democratic calculation would be greatly deranged.

The *Staats-Zeitung*, one of the most sagacious of Democratic journals, treats the subject with some seriousness, as if there were really a question about the nomination. It says that the President represents a principle and the mission of the party, while the Governor stands for nothing whatever but a scramble for spoils. It seems to us, however, that a more accurate statement would be that the President proclaims the principle which the *Staats-Zeitung* and the more intelligent Democrats wish that the party would represent. They are endeavoring to make it representative of the principle of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, which, as Mr. McCulloch says in his letter to the Philadelphia meeting, was Henry Clay's doctrine. They are doing this as Republicans who favored civil service reform tried to make that reform a Republican purpose, and were finally met by the nomination of Mr. Blaine, which was the complete and contemptuous rejection of the reform principle. That the reform Democrats will succeed there is as yet no reason to suppose. Success would compel a reorganization of the party, and there is no probability that the party proposes to enter upon this year's campaign by forcing Mr. Randall and the best part of the Southern Democratic press into opposition, or into mere acquiescence in the party action. Moreover, there is always the doubt which was raised by the course of the Republicans in regard to administrative reform, whether a party already organized can be marched and countermarched like an army, and whether new and important questions must not create their own party.

The probability of the President's nomination lies not in the fact that he represents the mission and principle of the Democratic party as a party of revenue reform, which it is not, but in the general satisfaction with him as an honest and patriotic magistrate. He has unquestionably inspired very general public confidence, and a wide-spread conviction that no Republican President would probably do better. This feeling would be strengthened in the minds of many earnest revenue reformers by the belief that such reform is at least much more probable under Democratic administration. Mr. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, a shrewd and influential politician, whose views were recently made known, is reported to have said of the tariff question:

> "I think that it is going to cut both ways next fall. Everybody is glad the issue was forced by the President, but for different reasons. The Democrats think it will not hurt the party, and will draw largely from the opposition, and the Republicans think the same. A fair judgment, I think, is that it will almost re-adjust party lines. They will be divided on a new basis, and a generous slice will be cut from each party."

This is undoubtedly true, if the question should be treated seriously. The honest adoption of the revenue principle as the policy of the Democratic party—and by that we mean something very different from general commendation of the Administration and praise of the President's views by Democratic conventions and committees—would break the party as it now exists. The Democratic managers, of course, know this, and they probably understand the situation. They will therefore take advantage of the unquestionable popularity of the President and of the prestige of his administration as friendly to reform, and nominate him without too specific details. To nominate any other candidate would be "to throw up the sponge." If the Democratic party should set aside President Cleveland for Governor Hill, it would be laughed out of power for another twenty-five years.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

The question of the Republican nomination also interests active and observing politicians. The views of Republicans are constantly published who state that personally they would prefer Mr. Blaine, and that they are, of course, "for the nominee of the Convention," but who have heard that there is some doubt whether Mr. Blaine, abominably and wickedly slandered as he has been, and unquestionably our greatest statesman and representative American as he is, can carry New York. They think, therefore, that it may be a question of expediency whether some "dark horse," somebody hitherto unthought of, might not wisely be selected to assure a sweeping Republican triumph. Thus Mr. Pillsbury, of Minnesota, says, according to the report:

> "Conservative Republicans think that an entirely new candidate must be nominated, one at present a dark horse, and with such a man at the head of the ticket, a good clean man, there will be no doubt of Republican victory."

"A good clean man." What does that mean? Does Mr. Pillsbury mean to suggest that the Republican party ever nominates any other kind? When a man says that he is for the nominee of the Convention he asserts by implication that the nominee will be, of course, good and clean, does he not? But Mr. Pillsbury says that strong anti-Blaine Republicans, and good Republicans too, as between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine, would vote for Mr. Cleveland. The truth is probably, as Mr. Pillsbury states, that older Republican heads shake at the nomination of Mr. Blaine as doubtful policy. But the facts remain that he is the Republican leader with much the largest and most enthusiastic individual following, and that the apparent general spirit, purpose, and tendency of the party have no more generally accepted representative. Why, then, should he not be nominated? Why, by setting him aside, should the party virtually proclaim that the candidate whom it honors and prefers is unavailable for personal reasons?

That is a question which his friends probably will wish to have answered plainly. The remark that he has had his chance they will probably counter by saying that Henry Clay had his chance two, three, four times, and was as often unsuccessful, but he was not for that reason abandoned. Moreover, Mr. Blaine, they will say, was not fairly beaten. There were the dreadful Burchard and the unspeakable Mulligan. The argument that the party is greater than any man in it they will naturally treat as a rhetorical commonplace, and defy the production of any man in it who has so many supporters, or who so moves its enthusiasm, as Mr. Blaine. Moreover, Mr. Phelps says that nothing can surpass the heroic self-sacrifice of Mr. Blaine in 1884. He knew that the Republican candidate could not be elected. But he did not shrink from encountering the doom of defeat when it was offered to him. And now, when victory is sure, is the leader who has proved his sagacity, his heroism, and his unselfishness to be cast aside? Mr. Phelps, making that appeal in the Convention, would arouse a burst of that conventional applause which lasts twenty minutes or half an hour, and proves incontestably the popularity of a candidate. By the consent of the gentlemen whose views upon the subject are reported as unfavorable to Mr. Blaine's nomination, the reason for doubt is not that they do not wish him, nor that he is not the real favorite of the party, nor that, if overwhelming party preference could have its way, he would not be nominated by acclamation, but only that there are certain Republican cranks and purists and Pharisees who would not vote for him. But why not? Plainly because they do not accept him as a fitting representative of the party. Yet if he be confessedly the real choice of the party, why should the Pharisees be expected to vote for any other candidate of a party which is substantially a Blaine party? The nomination of another candidate would not prove the party spirit and aims to be different. It would only show that the party has not the courage of its convictions. If the Pharisees would not vote for Mr. Blaine under his own name, would they support him under another?

The reasons alleged for nominating another candidate are arguments for the nomination of Mr. Blaine. As long as the Republican party is really a Blaine party its wisest course is to nominate its best representative. The only advantage to be gained by another nomination would be that it might be regarded as proof that it had ceased to be a Blaine party. But none of the interviews which question the expediency of his nomination as yet disclose this fact, nor does it appear in the general tone and conduct of the party. Western Republicanism wishes an aggressive American: Mr. Blaine is the type of the man it desires. The present Republican shibboleth is protection: Mr. Blaine is a protectionist of protectionists, and the reported Republican substitute of the tariff bill is substantially his suggestion. Supervision of Congressional elections in the Southern States is a Republican demand: Mr. Blaine forecast it in his speech at Augusta after his defeat. Indeed, is there anything which can now be called distinctively Republican of which he is not a conspicuous representative? If to this be added his great personal following, and the conviction of the wrong done him by the campaign of '84, there is nothing more probable than the nomination of Mr. Blaine. There is still another reason, which is familiar, although not often publicly expressed—the apprehension of the action of the Blaine faction if he should be set aside by the Convention. If Mr. Blaine should decline to be named as a candidate for the nomination, he would probably settle the question. But if his name should be presented with his consent, it now looks as if he would be nominated.

SCHOOL REFORM IN BUFFALO.

In his recent address upon the present condition and progress of popular education in the city of New York, the President of the Board of Education, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, after speaking of a contest to prevent gross injury to the school system, says:

> "Political and personal prejudices as well as hostility to the public-school system were, in my opinion, the incentive to this long and wearisome struggle, which finally resulted in our triumph.... Our school system can only be conserved by the exclusion of political control, and prior to the action before mentioned it had been singularly free from this corroding cancer."

The truth that the control of the schools and the appointment of teachers by personal and political favor is, as Mr. Simmons says, a corroding cancer, has become so evident to the citizens of Buffalo that it has produced a very impressive demand of reform from the intelligence and character of that city. A petition in the form of an address, proposing a change in the charter of the city, has been published, with the names of three hundred of the chief citizens, of every pursuit, every religious denomination, and every political party, which is warmly approved by the entire press of the city. The Roman Catholic Bishop Ryan, before leaving for Europe, expressed his hope that the proposed amendment would become law, so that it may be regarded as the conviction and desire of the best public sentiment of the city.

A distinguished Buffalonian, Mr. James O. Putnam, describes the system of appointing teachers in the district schools as "the worst possible that can be conceived." It is in fact the corroding cancer which President Simmons exposes in the New York schools, and which Superintendent Draper aims to remove by his scheme of department examinations. Buffalo spends great sums of money to build school-houses, and pays enormous taxes for education, which are practically so wasted that, as Mr. Putnam says, "Buffalo ranks about the lowest of our Northern cities in the educational department." The City Superintendent is not responsible for the situation. No individual is responsible. The responsibility rests upon the whole community, which half ignorantly and indolently acquiesces in a "demoralizing and most corrupting" system. The nature and result of the system are explained in one fact: "The most accomplished teacher that our Normal School can train for the service has no chance of appointment as teacher in a Buffalo public school unless backed by political influence....Can anything be more humiliating, more degrading, more disgraceful?"

The method of the reform demanded was suggested, we believe, by Mr. Henry A. Richmond, late a Civil Service Commissioner of the State, whose attention was naturally attracted by this abuse in the city in which he lives. His official experience had shown him the simple practical remedy for such evils, and the amendment of the charter contemplates only a non-partisan board of five citizens to test the qualifications of applicants for appointment as school-teachers; and the City Superintendent of Education, who is the head of the School Department, will make the appointments from those who are properly certified to him as competent. It is merely the application of the general principle which in other branches of the public service has been thoroughly proved to be of the highest value both in destroying personal and political influence in appointment and in securing the most efficient service. There is no department in which the abuse is greater or more mischievous than in the public schools. There are indeed thousands of excellent and admirable teachers, but they are compelled to rely upon this degrading tenure of personal favor, while there are also frequent instances of the most shameful abuse, humiliating to the worthy teachers, and disgraceful to the community. The testimony of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, of the President of the City Board of Education, and of this imposing and significant "uprising" of the best citizenship of Buffalo, to the malign effect of political and personal favor in the management of the public schools, is of the highest importance. It is another striking proof of the necessity of reform, and of withstanding the perilous pressure of the persistent attempt to make mere partisan spoils of every branch of the public service. In pressing the question sagaciously and effectively, Mr. Richmond has rendered a great public service.

THE ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

The question of the Atlanta University in Georgia was very generally discussed last summer in connection with the Glenn bill, which made it a penal offence to teach in mixed schools of white and colored pupils. There was such a vehement national condemnation of the bill, and it was so warmly opposed by a certain sensible opinion in the State, that a modification was adopted withholding State appropriations from any such schools. This measure forced the Atlanta University to the alternative of abandoning its policy and violating certain obligations upon which money had been received from benefactors of the school, or relinquishing the State appropriation. The latter course was honorably and bravely adopted. This involved an annual loss of $8000, to replace which the institution must look to its friends. The university was founded in 1869 as a private institution, the American Missionary Association of New York, the Freedman's Bureau, and private friends furnishing the money to establish it, but not a fund for its support. It was designed for the education of all, without regard to sect, race, color, or nationality. It comprehended a primary school, a preparatory school, and a college course, with the alternative of a normal-school course following the grammar-school course. But besides this it provides an efficient industrial training, the boys in the elements of wood-working, iron-working, and printing, and the girls in plain sewing, cutting, dress-making, cooking, and nursing the sick. In a community where the population is colored in the proportion of seven to eight, such an institution is of the highest service, because it teaches teachers and trains leaders.

There are convenient and pleasant buildings, and there are now 236 boys and 264 girls as pupils. The great object is to provide the trained leadership of which we speak, and an illustration of the practical value of the institution is found in the fact that of the twenty-eight colored teachers engaged by the city of Atlanta in the public schools twenty-three are graduates of the university, and similar facts are observable in other towns and cities of Georgia. The support of the institution has been derived hitherto from the State appropriation of $8000 and a similar sum contributed by friends in the Northern States and elsewhere. The relinquishment of the State grant compels an application for making up an equal sum by the friends of the university. The institution is charged with violating the law and long-settled policy of the State. But there was no concealment of the purpose of the school, and if the presence of white pupils was overlooked in 1874, when the appropriation was made, it has been constantly observed since that time, and no objection was made. The excellence of the institution and its advantage to the State have been frankly and fully acknowledged, and the technical objection under which the appropriation is withheld is unworthy of a great American State.

Professor Bumstead, of the university, is now in New York, and appeals to the generosity of those who comprehend the immense value of such an institution in the community in which it is planted. His mission is on behalf of what seems to be one of the most efficient and hopeful of the enterprises which are among the most necessary and beneficial to which aid can be given, and a permanent fund for it would be a great and humane public service. A State like Georgia, with a population of 817,000 white and 726,000 colored citizens, one of the most prosperous and intelligent of Southern States, might well consider whether it is desirable for the common interest to deepen and exacerbate the color line, instead of accepting so excellent an opportunity as the Atlanta University offers of intelligently elevating the colored race. Experience shows that the feeling of race is more wisely left to settle itself, like sectarian feeling, and that what nature has separated or joined, nature is capable of maintaining. But the best way to soften a feeling of this kind is to do just what the Atlanta University is doing, namely, to show what excellent and useful citizens the members of a proscribed race may become. The liberal support of the institution, therefore, is a helpful service toward the practical solution of one of the most important of our public problems.

THE NEW YORK POSTMASTER.

From various signs it is apparent that Democratic politicians still look with great disfavor upon Postmaster Pearson, of New York, as holding an important office which ought to be made useful in the campaign. Paragraphs in papers in different parts of the country, evidently designed to arouse prejudice and to discredit the Postmaster, are "feelers" of a familiar kind, and are supposed also to furnish grounds for inquiry, and to suggest that there are reasons for dissatisfaction. There is indeed one great reason for dissatisfaction among partisans. It is that Mr. Pearson is a most admirable, experienced, and efficient officer, who manages his public office solely as a public trust, and wholly to the public satisfaction.

He is not now, and he never was, a politician. He entered the service at a low grade, and he has risen steadily from grade to grade, solely by ability and efficiency, until he is now one of the most thoroughly trained officers in the public service. His reappointment in the spring of 1885 was a gratifying indication of the President's courage and fidelity to his convictions. The fixed term for public officers was a device to vacate places without the odium and responsibility of arbitrary partisan removal, and to provide an opportunity of partisan patronage. It was, in other words, a scheme intended to help the spoils system. But Presidents Monroe (during whose term it was adopted) and John Quincy Adams reappointed as of course, at the expiration of the four years' term, all officers for whose removal no real cause existed, and such reappointment is reform in the best sense.

The Indianapolis *Journal*, sneering at the New York Postmaster, says that "the Republican party is in no way interested in Pearson's retention in office." The *Journal* is quite right. The Republican party is not interested as a reform party, and it is certainly not interested by the hope that the Postmaster would administer his office for the party benefit, for Republicans know that he would not. It is because he administers it for the public benefit, and not as an asylum for Democrats, that Democratic politicians would gladly see him removed. The misfortune of the capture of the New York Post-office by the politicians would fall upon the people and business interests of New York that deal most with the office. There has been no single act of the Executive which has given the Administration a stronger hold upon the intelligence and common-sense of the country than the reappointment of Mr. Pearson, and so far as known to us there is no reason whatever to suppose that his removal is probable.

"THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY."

The very beautiful book called *The Master of the Gunnery*, of thin quarto form, exquisitely printed and illustrated, is the tribute of pupils and friends to a beloved and lamented teacher. Mr. Frederick William Gunn was born in the secluded village of Washington, in Connecticut, in 1816, and finally settling there as a teacher, gathered around him a school, of which the spirit, the influence, and the recollection seem to have been much like those of Rugby and Dr. Arnold. Mr. Gunn died in 1881, and some of his pupils, with the feeling common to all, have contributed the chapters treating of him and the school which make up the volume, which has been edited and copiously and characteristically illustrated by Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson.

The character which is presented is exceedingly attractive. It is that of the Puritan, softened, enlivened, enriched, by the modifying influences of another time, but without loss of vigor or courage or conscience. The man and his school and his influence are all characteristic of old New England under new conditions—something which is still not uncommon in New England, which still gives a charm to its retired villages, and explains its continued power. Mr. Gunn had evidently the divine vocation to his office of teacher. Teaching in the largest sense—that is, moulding the young mind to noble sympathies and aims, training it in happy relations to nature and men, impressing upon it a taste for what is essentially manly and generous and lofty, and to do all this in an atmosphere of sunny good-humor and in circumstances of heroic simplicity—was the natural impulse of this beloved teacher, and how well it was accomplished this book records and illustrates.

The permanent and universal value of such a work, like that of the recently published *Life of William Barnes*, the Dorsetshire poet, in England, is its revelation of the half-unsuspected richness of life and character around us. We hear of the men who do notable deeds in literature or statesmanship, in science, or arms, or arts. But the poets who "die with all their music in them," the benefactors who serve by waiting, the men and women whose personal influence is as inspiring and sanitary as the fresh air or the beautiful landscape—these are often forgotten until some book, like the *Master of the Gunnery*, recalls us to the abundance of noble feeling and lofty living all around us, and life affords no greater joy or quickening incentive. Mr. Gunn was a Connecticut school-master, known chiefly to his pupils. But his letters which are published in this book, and the affectionate testimony of his "boys," show that he was potentially a leader of men, for whom the happy public opportunity did not appear, but who cheerfully did his duty, and still leads and serves men in the lives and characters of his pupils.

PEACE AND WAR.

The incessant war rumors in Europe, and the enormous increase of the German army, in order that there may be force enough simultaneously to withstand Russia and France, give great significance to the peace memorial which was presented to Congress a few days since, and which it was the purpose of the recent mission to this country of Sir George Campbell and Messrs. Creamer and Halley Stewart to urge upon public attention. These gentlemen addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting in Boston, and they were received by the President, who made a courteous and sympathetic reply to their speech.

They hoped that some allusion would be made to the subject in the President's Message, and were probably somewhat disappointed. But the memorial was warmly urged upon the attention of the Senate by Senator Hoar, and it was presented by Mr. Belmont in the House. The proposition is very simple and reasonable. It is that the United States and England shall agree by treaty to refer any dispute between them to arbitration. The effect of such an understanding would be in every way most beneficial. Without sacrifice of honor or dignity it would secure immunity from the awful waste and suffering of war, and it would promote a reasonable and fair treatment of international differences, and repress the tendency to cockalorum statesmanship.

An enormous army in any country at peace is a great misfortune. It withdraws an immense number of persons from productive labor, and makes them practically paupers to be maintained by the depleted remainder of the population. It leads to a decline of morals, and to the serious injury of the family, and of domestic life and feeling. It is a vast and increasing burden upon the resources and industrial prosperity of the nation imposed by the universality of the vicious system of standing armies. The United States, by situation and tradition, and by its entire freedom from ambitious or aggressive projects, is admirably situated to take the initiative in a better way. While all Europe is trembling with the fear and the preparations of possible war, let the United States prepare for peaceful arbitration.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Robert Bonner promises a treat to the lovers of sport on the turf. Mr. J. I. Case, who owns the famous gelding Jay-Eye-See, proposes to try to lower Maud S.'s record of 2.08¾, the effort to be made in Chicago about the middle of next August. This plan, coming to the attention of Mr. Bonner, results in his giving an order to John Murphy to put Maud S. in training to be prepared to retain all the laurels that she ever won. Here is the prospect for a contest that will be notable through many a year to come.

—William D. Kelley, Jun., son of our famous "Pig-Iron" Kelley, has developed into a successful practical iron-maker in one of the pushing towns of the New South.

—Jefferson Davis has felt obliged to decline to have the Mississippi Legislature give him a formal reception. His health is too poor, he says, to stand the strain of excitement.

—The little town of Milan, in Missouri, has just established a market quotation for tramps. C. C. Bradley was found guilty, in the village court, of vagrancy, whereupon he was put up at auction, and sold for the next six months to the highest bidder. Thirty-five cents was the price he brought.

—Assemblyman Ainsworth has introduced a bill at Albany extending the rights of municipal suffrage to women, and on the 15th inst. advocates of the measure are to argue its merits before a legislative committee.

—When efforts were made a week ago to extend the Reading mining strike into other coal-fields, Mr. Powderly telegraphed from his sick-bed, "Don't strike." And the two words had weight enough to carry the day.

—Alexander Henriques, the venerable vice-chairman of the Stock-Exchange, was seventy years old last week, and the Wall Street brokers gave him a merry ovation. The Stock Exchange rostrum was piled high with flowers, and substantial tokens of regard were bestowed upon the veteran. Mr. Henriques is one of the Old Guard contingent, a genial old gentleman, a man well worthy of the ardent affection that the thousand or more rollicking brokers entertain for him.

—A. T. Goshorn, of Cincinnati, who achieved honors as Director General of Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition a dozen years ago, challenges admiration anew. He has just become a bridegroom.

—Connecticut has a new hero. Henry Payne, of Barhamstead, attacked by a hungry wild-cat, picked up a pitchfork, and after a furious battle succeeded in pinioning the wild beast, when he obtained a gun and made the victory complete.

—General Sheridan has been shaking hands with the citizens of Boston at a formal reception given him there by his comrades of the Loyal Legion.

—Cornelius N. Bliss, the merchant prince, retires from the chairmanship of the New York Republican State Committee because he has an extended European trip in view, and thinks that next fall's campaign will demand more attention and hard work than he could give at the other end of an ocean cable.

—Alas, the changes that do sometimes come to our foot-light favorites! For fifty-five years William McFarland was a familiar figure on the stage. Macready, Edwin Forrest, and the elder Booth had him in their time for friend and supporter. Yet only the other day the actor, worn out, poor, infirm, and friendless, died in a Western almshouse.

—Governor Hill is to entertain the Legislature at the State Executive Mansion next week. Eighteen-eighty-eight (at least until a couple of Presidential nominating Conventions are over) is likely to be a great year for entertainments, dinners, and the like, in the latitute of Albany.

—"I should be ashamed to call myself a Democrat, as you know I am, if I let my politics shield a crime," said ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman last week in his speech as prosecutor of the Ohio tally-sheet forgers. The old lawyer spoke with a vigor and feeling that made his earnestness unmistakable.

—Daniel Doane Bidwell, a Hartford lad, graduated from Yale in the class of '86, has abandoned the journalistic path he mapped out for himself, and has sailed for the Bahamas, bent on finding the long-lost gold of Captain Kidd. He is equipped with a chart inherited from his grandfather, who received it from a dying sailor, the map giving an outline of land in the Bahamas, with cabalistic signs directing where and how to "dig."

—Veteran Seth Green, writing from Rochester, insists that nobody need be lost in blizzards if only a pocket compass be kept handy. "Every man, woman, and child," he says, should have a compass, and he offers this personal testimony: "My bones would be bleaching now in the woods or on the bottom of some lake if I had not carried a compass." And every fishing fiend among us will offer personal thanksgivings for that particular compass which has saved us Veteran Seth.

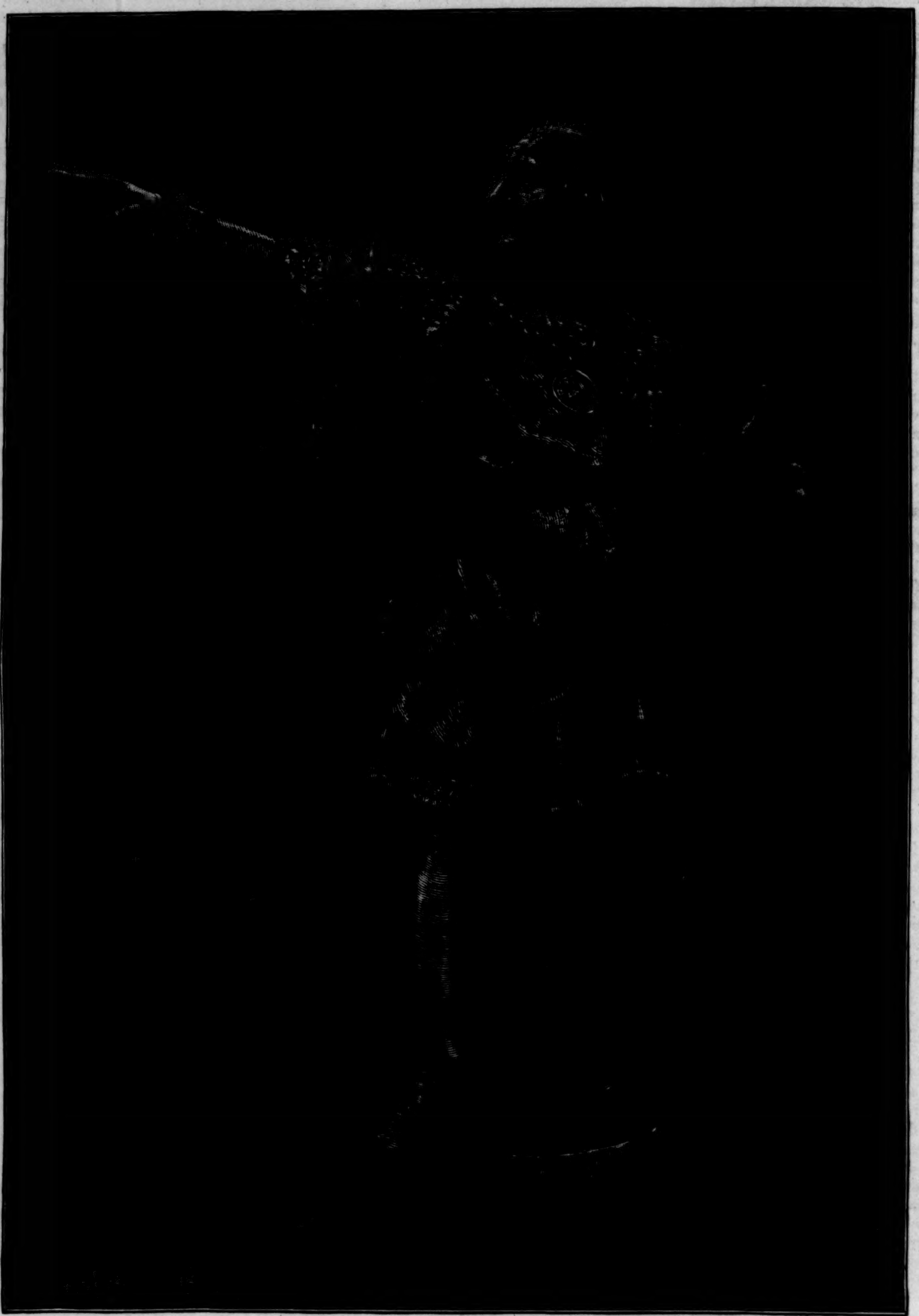
THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT BARCELONA.

It may not be generally known that Spain, which of late has made wonderful progress under the liberal government of Premier Sagasta, is to have a "World's Fair" this year, the first ever held in that country. Barcelona, the New York of Spain, a bustling city of 400,000 inhabitants, situated on the Mediterranean sea-coast of the province of Catalonia, has been chosen as the site of the exhibition, which will be opened on April 8 by the Queen Regent and all the high functionaries of Spain. All governments have accepted Spain's invitation to send representatives to this exhibition. In the United States the President has appointed Mr. Emile M. Blum as official delegate to look after the interests of American exhibitors; and Spain, which is continually seeking for closer relations with us, and which made such a noble display at our own Centennial Exhibition, is inquiring earnestly whether the American people are to be behindhand in returning the compliment. Many Spaniards in New York complain of the ignorance prevalent here concerning the present condition of Spain, with her numerous new factories, mills, railroads, and ship-yards; and Mr. Blum especially emphasizes the fact that whereas most of the machinery now in use in the manufacturing cities of Spain is imported from England, France, and Germany, America, with her improved machinery and tools, has only to stretch out her hand to drive every other competitor from the field. Perhaps no better indication of the progress made by Spain in recent years can be found than the fact that England a short time ago raised the rank of her representative at Madrid to that of an Ambassador, and that the other first-class powers are preparing to follow suit.

A special feature of the fair will be the inauguration of a colossal monument in honor of Columbus, surmounted by a bronze statue of the great explorer. It is now in course of erection on the Plaza de la Paz at Barcelona, and will be inaugurated, April 8, at the time of the opening of the exhibition. The total height will be 197 feet above the sea-level. Around the steps of the base will be eight lions of cast-iron, and on the basement will be placed eight galvanoplastic bass-reliefs, the subjects of which will represent the history of Columbus; four stone female figures, personifying the provinces of Castile, Leon, Aragon, and Catalonia, which took part in the expedition of Columbus; and four groups in stone, representing persons who contributed morally or materially to the discovery of America, viz., Boil, Ferrer de Blanes, Captain Margarit, and Santanger; also eight medallions of bronze representing the Catholic kings and other personages of the epoch. Four allegorical figures of Renown or Fame are represented in the act of crowning the above figures. This monument was designed by the architect Gayetano Buigas, and will be paid for by the city of Barcelona.

The marble column which bears the statue is fluted, and bears a bronze medallion with an inscription. The four sides of the bell of the capital are ornamented with high reliefs representing the four quarters of the globe. Above the capital, and standing on a hemisphere, is the statue of Columbus, the height of which will be about eighteen feet. The entire height of the monument, including pedestal, column, and statue, will be nearly 175 feet. The statue, of which a representation is given herewith, is the work of Rafael Atché, a Catalan sculptor, who was awarded the contract after a competition with several other sculptors of reputation. It will be cast by Vidal, of Barcelona. Columbus is represented in the attitude of signalling the land, and an expression of intense satisfaction is depicted on his face, while his left hand presses the marine chart which he had just been consulting when his adventurous voyage was suddenly crowned with success. The outlines of the figure are traced on an ample scale, with simple, definite folds, so that the prevailing expression of the attitude and features may not be obliterated by the great elevation at which it is to be placed. The sculptor Rafael Atché is a pupil of the brothers Vallmetjana and of the Academy of Barcelona. He has executed many works which now adorn the Barcelona Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon an "Odalisque" and the "Mauvais Larron."

Intending visitors to the Spanish exhibition may like to know that Barcelona is a handsomely built city, with boulevards and parks and gorgeous restaurants. It is lit throughout with gas and electricity; nine lines of horse-cars cross the city in all directions; numerous steam-ship lines and six railways—one of the latter equipped exclusively with American engines and cars—have their termini there; the journey by rail from Paris to Barcelona takes only twenty-six hours; and last, but not least, the climate is very mild, the temperature ranging between 45° in January and 80° in August.



THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF COLUMBUS FOR THE SUMMIT OF THE MONUMENT AT BARCELONA.

IN LINE FOR FREE FOOD.

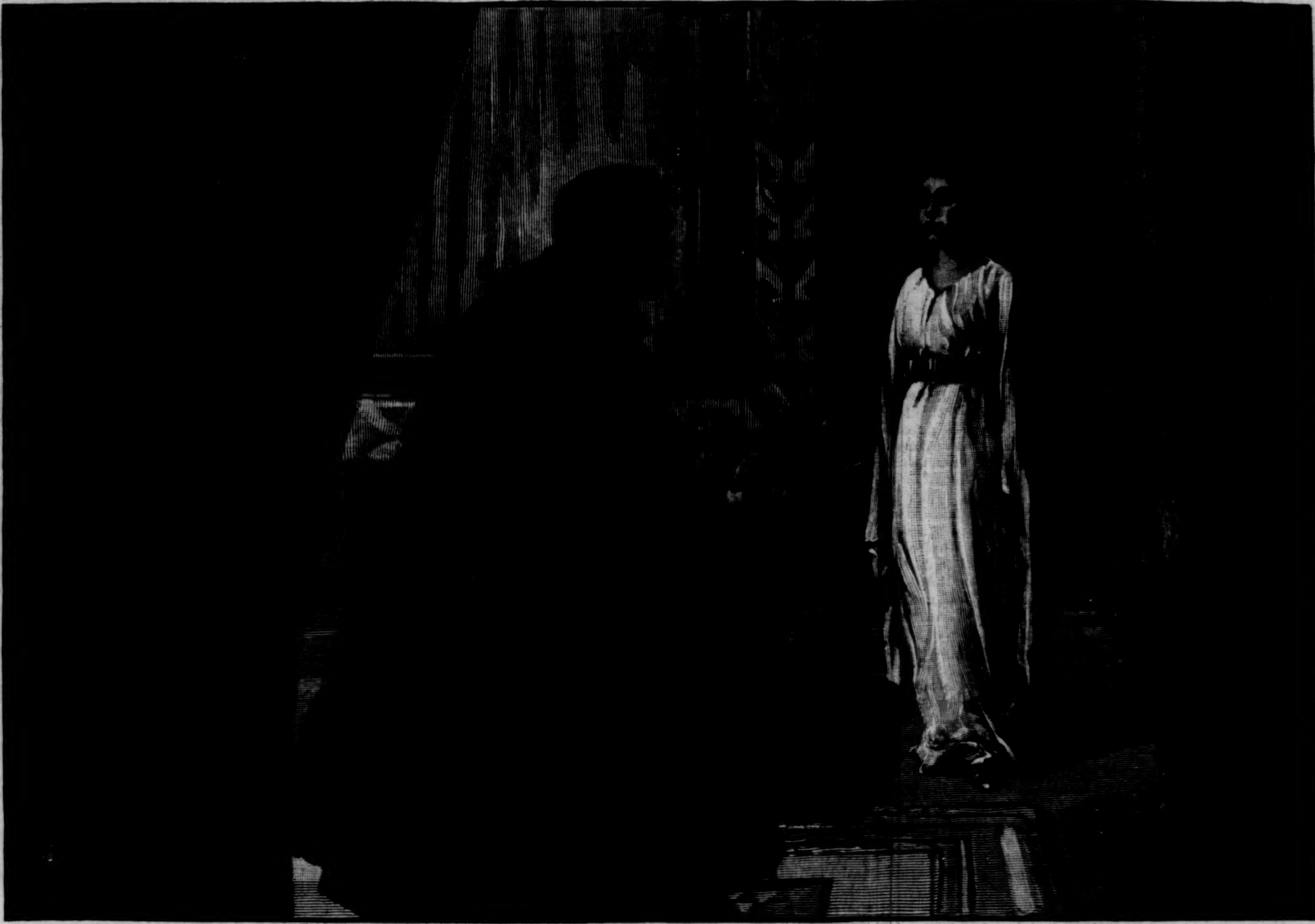
A double-page picture by Mr. Barnard in this number of the Weekly represents a scene visible in Washington Square, New York, during the operation of Mr. John H. Keyser's free restaurant for the needy. The little shop at 128 West Fourth Street held five small tables, with three persons sitting at each, and the bill of fare was simple, consisting of coffee and bread. But the coffee was hot and strong, and there was a big mugful for each guest, with two generous slices of bread, each a couple of inches thick, and well buttered. There was extra sugar too for each table, and a spoon for each mug. This was the morning meal, while at night, instead, there was soup; and for this, crowds, in which race, color, sex, age, occupation, and character presented the variety our artist has depicted, stood in line waiting their turn.

The place was kept clean and tidy in spite of the crowds who went in, and there was little talking, since each man felt from experience that the room he occupied was more valuable to the line waiting outside than his company or conversational powers to table companions. Hats and caps were always removed, the courtesy in this respect surpassing that of some more pretentious eating-houses. If a man was satisfied with one slice of bread, the extra piece was so much gain for a more ravenous neighbor. A reporter, slipping into the place, found on one side of him a man without a trade, and on the other a plasterer. Mr. Keyser, "tall, gray-bearded, with an old-fashioned kindliness, a sort of elongated and attenuated Santa-Claus," in an account of the enterprise, which he naturally viewed from the stand-point of strong personal sympathy and interest, said that "they came there as early as four in the morning, and by half-past five o'clock, when we began to give the meals, a line blocks long would be waiting. It took until eight o'clock to feed them all in our little room, and as the number was increasing every day, we were swamped and had to stop. They were nine-tenths of them homeless working-men. As I went along the line I used to pick out the tramps and bums, give them five or ten cents, and tell them to go. I saw tinsmiths and roofers there, and men from almost every other trade, and they were there because they were hungry, and had no other way to get food." The officers of the Mercer Street police station said that a policeman or two easily kept the line in order, and the only complaint made was that of some residents who objected to the men sitting on their steps, and occupying their sidewalks.

While the charity lasted it seems to have been carried on entirely by Mr. Keyser's original backers. Other charitable people seemed to distrust the scheme, or, at least, did not contribute to it. The only outside donation was one dollar. "The persons who have furnished me money," said Mr. Keyser, "are as ready as ever to give me all I need, but this work is too big for me. Toward the last it took me seven hours every day to attend to it, and I have my own living to get, and can't give that much time." Still, this is perhaps only another form of indicating an exhaustion of resources.

What ruined the project, then, was success—it was overrun with customers. Mr. Keyser twenty years ago had established in Pearl Street the "Stranger's Rest," which is said to have furnished 9000 lodgings and 18,000 meals a year for five years, and in the hard times of 1873 he fed the poor in his yard until the Seventh Street M. E. Church relieved him of that charge. Three winters ago, being supplied with funds by people who sympathized with his methods, he began to give both bread and money to the loungers in Washington Square. During the present winter he resumed this practice, and then, instead, being backed by his friends, hired the place on Fourth Street. The first day there were 17 visitors; on the last day of the third week 2800 meals were served—1200 in the morning and 1600 at night. Then the enterprise broke under its own weight, although for weeks after the notice "Closed" was put up a hundred or two a day slipped in, ignoring it, and found the one silent waiter coming out, as before, from behind the rear partition, with the coffee and bread. Everything was orderly and quiet, although often several stood waiting for the first vacant chair.

Many sorts and conditions of men, women, and children took advantage of this enterprise while it lasted. Stout, heavy-handed working-men out of a job mingled with thin and shabby waifs long used to going half starved, while out-and-out tramps were on hand for a share. Charity organizations, while admitting the kind heart of its projector, all emphatically disapproved of it as tending to make men paupers, and all declared that free soup-houses have always worked harm. The picture does not argue, but only tells a plain story of people in this great city waiting in line, perhaps half an hour or an hour, and some of them by five o'clock of a winter morning, to get their portion of bread and coffee.



"HER FACE AND FORM, BUT ESPECIALLY HER EYES, SHOWED HER TO BE OF QUITE A DIFFERENT RACE FROM THESE OTHERS."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

SCIENTIFIC THEORIES AND SCEPTICISM.

HERE the doctor paused, and looked around with some self-complacency.

"Oh," said Melick, "if you take that tone, you have us all at your mercy. I know no more about the geography of the antarctic Circle than I do of the moon. I simply criticise from a literary point of view, and I don't like his underground cavern with the stream running through it. It sounds like one of the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor. Nor do I like his description; he evidently is writing for effect. Besides, his style is vicious; it is too stilted. Finally, he has recourse to the stale device of a sea-serpent."

"A sea-serpent!" repeated the doctor. "Well, for my part I feel by no means inclined to sneer at a sea-serpent. Its existence cannot be proved, yet it cannot be pooh-poohed. Every school-boy knows that the waters of the sea were once filled with monsters more tremendous than the greatest sea-serpent that has ever been imagined. The plesiosaurus, with its snake-like head, if it existed now, would be called a sea-serpent. Some of these so-called fossil animals may have their representatives still living in the remoter parts of the world. Think of the recently discovered ornithorhynchus of Australia!"

"If you please, I'd really much rather not," said Melick, with a gesture of despair. "I haven't the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance."

"Well, what do you think of his notice of the sun, and the long light, and his low position on the horizon?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Melick. "Any one who chose to get up this thing would of course read up about the polar day, and all that. Every one knows that at the poles there is a six-months' day, followed by a six-months' night."

"You are a determined sceptic," said the doctor.

"How is it about the polar day?" asked Featherstone.

"Well," said the doctor, at the poles themselves there is one day of six months, during which the sun never sets, and one night of six months, during which he never rises. In the spaces between the polar circles the quantities of the continuous day and continuous night vary in accordance with the distance from the pole. At the north point of Nova Zembla, 75° north latitude, there is uninterrupted light from May 1st to August 12th, and uninterrupted darkness from November 8th to February 9th. At the arctic circle at the summer solstice the day is twenty-four hours long. At the antarctic circle at the same time the night is twenty-four hours long."

Upon this Melick filled the doctor's wine-glass with a great deal of ceremony.

"After all those statistics," he said, "you must feel rather dry. You should take a drink before venturing any further."

The doctor made no reply, but raised the glass to his lips and swallowed the wine in an abstracted way.

"The thing that struck me most," said Oxenden, "in all that has been read thus far, is the flatness of the South Pole, and the peculiar effect which this produces on the landscape."

"I must say," added Melick, "that the writer has got hold of a very good idea there, and has taken care to put it forward in a very prominent fashion."

"What is the difference," asked Oxenden, "between the two diameters of the earth, the polar and the equatorial. Is it known?"

"By Jove!" said Featherstone, "that's the very question I was going to ask. I've always heard that the earth is flattened at the poles, but never knew how much. Is there any way by which people can find out?"

The doctor drew a long breath, and beamed upon the company with a benevolent smile.

"Oh yes," said he; "I can answer that question, if you care to know, and won't feel bored."

"Answer it, then, my dear fellow, by all means," said Featherstone, in his most languid tone.

"There are two ways," said the doctor, "by which the polar compression of the earth has been found out. One is by the measurement of arcs on the earth's surface; the other is by experiments with pendulums or weights with regard to the earth's gravity at different places. The former of these methods is, perhaps, the more satisfactory. Measurements of arcs have been made on a very extensive scale in different parts of the world—in England, France, Lapland, Peru, and India. Mr. Ivory, who devoted himself for years to an exhaustive examination of the subject, has deduced that the equatorial radius of the earth is over 3962 miles, and the polar radius over 3949 miles. This makes the depression at either pole upward of thirteen miles. A depression of over thirteen miles, as you must plainly see, should produce strange results in the scenery at the poles. Of course, if there are mountains, no difference would be noticed between this and any other part of the earth's surface; but if there is water, why, we ought to expect some such state of things as More describes. The gravitation test has also been tried, with very nearly the same result. The surface of the earth at the equator being farthest from the centre of gravity, indicates the least weight in bodies; but at the poles, where the surface is nearest the centre of gravity, there must be the greatest weight. It is found, in fact, that the weight of bodies increases in passing from the equator to the poles. By experiments made in this way the polar compression is ascertained to be the same as I have mentioned."

"What effect would this have on the climate at the poles?" asked Oxenden.

"That's a complicated question," said the doctor. "In answer to that we must leave ascertained facts and trust to theories, unless, indeed, we accept as valid the statements of this remarkable manuscript. For my own part, I see no reason why it should not be as More says. Remember, this polar world is thirteen miles nearer to the centre of the earth. Whether this should affect the climate or not, depends upon the nature of the earth's interior. That interior, according to the popular theory of the present day, is a mass of fire. This theory affirms that the earth was once a red-hot mass, which has cooled down; but the cooling process has only taken place on the surface, leaving the interior still a molten mass of matter in a state of intense heat and combustion. At the poles the surface is thus thirteen miles nearer to these tremendous fires. Of course it may be supposed that the earth's crust is of about equal thickness on all parts; yet still, even if this be so, thirteen miles ought to make some difference. Now at the North Pole there seem to be causes at work to counterbalance the effect of the internal heat, chiefly in the enormous accumulation of polar ice which probably hems it in on every side; and though many believe in an open polar sea of warm water at the North Pole, yet still the effect of vast ice-masses and of cold submarine currents must be to render the climate severe. But at the South Pole it is different. The observations of Ross and of More show us that there is a chain of mountains of immense height, which seem to encircle the pole. If this be so, and I see no reason to disbelieve it, then the ice of the outer seas must be kept away altogether from that strange inner sea of which More speaks. Ross saw the volcanoes Erebus and Terror; More saw two others. How many more there may be it is impossible to say; but all this shows that the effect of the earth's internal fires is very manifest in that region, and More has penetrated to a secluded world, which lies apart by itself, free from the influence of ice-masses, left to feel the effect of the internal fires, and possessing what is virtually a tropical climate."

"Well," said Melick, "there is no theory, however wild and fantastic, which some man of science will not be ready to support and to fortify by endless arguments, all of the most plausible kind. For my own part, I still believe More and his south polar world to be no more authentic than Sindbad the Sailor."

But the others evidently sympathized with the doctor's view, and regarded Melick as carrying his scepticism to an absurd excess.

"How large do you suppose this south polar ocean to be?" asked Featherstone.

"It is impossible to answer that question exactly," said the doctor. "It may be, as More hints, a thousand miles in extent, or only five hundred, or two hundred. For my own part, however, I feel like taking More's statements at their utmost value; and the idea that I have gathered from his narrative is that of a vast sea like the Mediterranean, surrounded by impassable mountains; by great and fertile countries, peopled with an immense variety of animals, with a fauna and flora quite unlike those of the rest of the world; and, above all, with great nations possessing a rare and unique civilization, and belonging to a race altogether different from any of the known races of men."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

"Well," said Melick, "that at least is the idea which the writer of the manuscript tries to convey."

By this time they had finished dinner.

"And now," said Featherstone, "let's have some more of the manuscript. Melick is tired of it, I dare say. I would relieve him, but I'm an infernally bad reader. Doctor, what do you say? Will you read the next instalment?"

"With all my heart," said the doctor, briskly.

"Very well, then," said Featherstone; "we will all be your attentive hearers."

And now the doctor took up the manuscript and began to read.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

The cavern into which the chief led me was very spacious, but had no light except that which entered through the portal. It was with difficulty that I could see anything, but I found that there were many people here moving about, all as intent upon their own pursuits as those which one encounters in the streets of our cities. As we went on further the darkness increased, until at last I lost sight of the chief altogether, and he had to come back and lead me. After going a little farther we came to a long, broad passageway like a subterranean street, about twenty feet in width, and as many in height. Here there were discernible a few twinkling lamps, which served to make the darkness less intense and enabled me to see the shadowy figures around. These were numerous, and all seemed busy, though what their occupation might be I could not guess. I was amazed at the extent of these caverns, and at the multitude of the people. I saw also that from the nature of their eyes the sunlight distressed them, and in this cavern gloom they found their most congenial dwelling-place. From what I had thus far seen, this extraordinary people shrank from the sunlight; and when they had to move abroad they passed over roads which were darkened as much as possible by the deep shadows of mighty ferns, while for the most part they remained in dark caverns, in which they lived and moved and had their being. It was a puzzle to me whether the weakness of their eyes had caused this dislike of light, or the habit of cave-dwelling had caused this weakness of eyes. Here, in this darkness, where there was but a faint twinkle from the feeble lamps, their eyes seemed to serve them as well as mine did in the outer light of day; and the chief, who outside had moved with an uncertain step, and had blinked painfully at objects with his eyes almost closed, now appeared to be in his proper element; and while I hesitated like a blind man and groped along with a faltering step, he guided me, and seemed to see everything with perfect vision.

At length we stopped, and the chief raised up a thick, heavy mat which hung like an unwieldy curtain in front of a doorway. This the chief lifted. At once a blaze of light burst forth, gleaming into the dark, and appearing to blind him. His eyes closed. He held up the veil for me to pass through. I did so. He followed, and then groped his way slowly along, while I accompanied and assisted him.

I now found myself in a large grotto with an arched roof, from which was suspended an enormous lamp, either golden or gilded. All around were numerous lamps. The walls were adorned with rich hangings; couches were here, with soft cushions, and divans and ottomans; soft mats were on the floor, and everything gave indications of luxury and wealth. Other doors, covered with overhanging mats, seemed to lead out of this grotto. To one of these the chief walked, and raising the mat he led the way into another grotto like the last, with the same bright lights and the same adornments, but of smaller size. Here I saw some one who at once took up all my attention.

It was a young maiden. Her face and form, but especially her eyes, showed her to be of quite a different race from these others. To me she was of medium height, yet she was taller than any of the people here that I had hitherto seen. Her complexion was much lighter; her hair was dark, luxuriant, and wavy, and arranged in a coiffure secured with a golden band. Her features were of a different cast from those of the people here, for they were regular in outline and of exquisite beauty; her nose was straight; she had a short upper lip, arched eyebrows finely pencilled, thin lips, and well-rounded chin. But the chief contrast was in her eyes. These were large, dark, liquid, with long lashes, and with a splendid glow in their lustrous depths. She stood looking at me with her face full of amazement; and as I caught the gaze of her glorious eyes I rejoiced that I had at last found one who lived in the light and loved it—one who did not blink like a bat, but looked me full in the face, and allowed me to see all her soul revealed. The chief, who still was pained by the glare of light, kept his eyes covered, and said a few hasty words to the maiden. After this he hurried away, leaving me there.

The maiden stood for a moment looking at me. As the chief spoke to her a change came over her face. She looked at me in silence, with an expression of sad and mournful interest, which seemed to increase every moment. At length she approached and said something in the same strange language which the chief had used. I shook my head and replied in English, whereupon she shook her head with a look of perplexity. Then, anxious to conciliate her, I held out my hand. She looked at it in some surprise. Upon this I took her hand, and pressed it to my lips, feeling, however, somewhat doubtful as to the way in which she might receive such an advance. To my great delight she accepted it in a friendly spirit, and seemed to consider it my foreign fashion of showing friendship and respect. She smiled and nodded, and pointed to my gun, which thus far I had carried in my hand. I smiled and laid it down. Then she pointed to a seat. I sat down, and then she seated herself close by me, and we looked at each other in mutual wonder and mutual inquiry.

I was full of amazement at thus meeting with so exquisite a being, and lost myself in conjectures as to her race, her office, and her position here. Who was she, or what? She was unlike the others, and reminded me of those Oriental beauties whose portraits I had seen in annuals and illustrated books. Her costume was in keeping with such a character. She wore a long tunic that reached from the neck to the ground, secured at the waist with a golden girdle; the sleeves were long and loose; over this she had a long mantle; on her feet were light slippers, white and glistening. All about her, in her room and in her costume, spoke of light and splendor and luxury. To these others who shrank so from the light she could not be related in any way. The respect with which she was treated by the chief, the peculiar splendor of her apartments, seemed to indicate some high rank. Was she, then, the queen of the land? Was she a princess? I could not tell. At any rate, whatever she was, she seemed anxious to show me the utmost attention. Her manner was full of dignity and sweet graciousness, and she appeared particularly anxious to make herself understood. At first she spoke in a language that sounded like that of the chief, and was full of gutturals and broad vowels; afterward she spoke in another that was far more euphonious. I, on the other hand, spoke in English and in French; but of course I was as unintelligible to her as she was to me.

Language was, therefore, of no use. It was necessary to go back to first principles and make use of signs, or try to gain the most elementary words of her language; so first of all I pointed to her, and tried to indicate that I wanted to know her name. She caught my meaning at once, and pointing to herself, she looked fixedly at me and said,

"Almah, Almah!"

I repeated these words after her, saying, "Almah, Almah!" She smiled and nodded, and then pointed to me with a look of inquiry that plainly asked for my name. I said "Adam More." She repeated this, and it sounded like "A-tam-or." But as she spoke this slowly her smile died away. She looked anxious and troubled, and once more that expression of wondering sadness came over her face. She repeated my name over and over in this way with a mournful intonation that thrilled through me, and excited forebodings of evil. "Atamor, Atamor!" And always after that she called me Atam-or."

But now she sat for some time, looking at me with a face full of pity and distress. At this I was greatly astonished; for but a moment before she had been full of smiles, and it was as though something in my name had excited sorrowful thoughts. Yet how could that be, since she could never by any possibility have heard my name before? The beautiful Almah seemed to be not altogether happy, or why should she be so quick to sadness? There was a mystery about all this which was quite unaccountable.

It was a singular situation, and one which excited within me feelings of unutterable delight. This light and splendor, this warmth and peace — what a contrast it offered to the scenes through which I had but lately passed! Those scenes of horror, of ice and snow, of storm and tempest, of cold and hunger, of riven cliff and furious ocean stream, and, above all, that crowning agony in the bleak iron-land of the cannibals—from all these I had escaped. I had been drawn down under the earth to experience the terrors of that unspeakable passage, and had at last emerged to light and life, to joy and hope. In this grotto I had found the culmination of all happiness. It was like a fairy realm; and here was one whose very look was enough to inspire the most despairing soul with hope and peace and happiness. The only thing that was now left to trouble me was this mournful face of Almah. Why did she look at me with such sad interest and such melancholy meaning? Did she know of any evil fate in store for me? Yet how could there be any evil fate to be feared from people who had received me with such unparalleled generosity? No, it could not be; so I resolved to try to bring back again the smile that had faded out of her face.

I pointed to her, and said "Almah."

She said "Atam-or."

And the smile did not come back, but the sadness remained in her face.

My eager desire now was to learn her language, and I resolved at once to acquire as many words and phrases as possible. I began by asking the names of things, such as "seat," "table," "mat," "coat," "hat," "shoe," "lamp," "floor," "wall," and all the common objects around. She gave all the names, and soon became so deeply interested that her sadness departed, and the smile came back once more. For my own part, I was always rather quick at learning languages. I had a correct ear and a retentive memory; in my wanderings round the world I had picked up a smattering of many languages, such as French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, German, Hindostanee, and a few others. The words which I learned from Almah had a remote resemblance to Arabic; and, in fact, my knowledge of Arabic was actually of some assistance, though how it was that these people should have a language with that resemblance was certainly a mystery, and I did not try to solve it. The beautiful Almah soon grew immensely interested in my efforts to learn, and also in the English words which I gave when I pointed to any object.

Thus I pointed to myself, and said "Man," then pointing to her, I said "Woman." She laughed, and pointing to me said "Iz," and pointing to herself said "Izza." Then I pointed to the row of lights, and said "Light"; she did the same, and said "Or." Then her face grew mournful, and she pointed to me, saying "Atam-or." It struck me then that there was some chance resemblance between "or," the word meaning "light," and one of the syllables of my name as she pronounced it, and that this might cause her sadness; but as I could make out nothing of this, I dismissed the thought, and went on with my questions. This took up the time, until at length some one appeared who looked like a servant. He said something, whereupon Almah arose and beckoned to me to follow. I did so, and we went to a neighboring apartment, where there was spread a bounteous repast. Here we sat and ate, and Almah told me the names of all the dishes. After dinner we returned to the room

It was a singular and a delightful position. I was left alone with the beautiful Almah, who herself showed the utmost graciousness and the kindest interest in me. I could not understand it, nor did I try to; it was enough that I had such a happy lot. For hours we thus were together, and I learned many words. To insure remembrance, I wrote them down in my memorandum-book with a pencil, and both of these were regarded by Almah with the greatest curiosity. She felt the paper, inspected it, touched it with her tongue, and seemed to admire it greatly; but the pencil excited still greater admiration. I signed to her to write in the book. She did so, but the characters were quite unlike anything that I had ever seen. They were not joined like our writing and like Arabic letters, but were separate like our printed type, and were formed in an irregular manner. She then showed me a book made of a strange substance. It was filled with characters like those which she had just written. The leaves were not at all like paper, but seemed like some vegetable product, such as the leaves of a plant or the bark of a tree. They were very thin, very smooth, all cut into regular size, and fastened together by means of rings. This manuscript is written upon the same material. I afterward found that it was universally used here, and was made of a reed that grows in marshes.

Here in these vast caverns there was no way by which I could tell the progress of time, but Almah had her own way of finding out when the hours of wakeful life were over. She arose and said "Salonla." This I afterward found out to be the common salutation of the country. I said it after her. She then left me. Shortly afterward a servant appeared, who took me to a room, which I understood to be mine. Here I found everything that I could wish, either for comfort or luxury; and as I felt fatigue, I flung myself upon the soft bed of down, and soon was sound asleep.

I slept for a long time. When I awoke I heard sounds in the distance, and knew that people were moving. Here in these caverns there was no difference between day and night, but, by modes of which I was ignorant, a regular succession was observed of waking times and sleeping times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ABYSSINIANS.

The expedition of the Italians to the Red Sea has recalled to the notice of the Western world one of the most peculiar peoples on the face of the globe. The Abyssinians of to-day, the modern representatives of the ancient Ethiopians, are in their way and manner enshrined in a semi-mysterious halo, as were their namesakes in the days of Homer and the Greek poets. All the reliable information that we possess of these inhabitants of "the Switzerland of Africa" agrees in distinguishing them as the possessors of a decayed but once vigorous and peculiar civilization and culture, that exhibited the presence of factors and agencies not found elsewhere on the African continent. Nearest connected geographically with Egypt, it is nevertheless certain that the civilization of the land of the Pharaohs influenced but little, even indirectly, the literature and culture that at one time found a safe retreat in the strongholds of the Abyssinian mountains. Ethiopia did not become a civilized land until the destinies of Egypt had passed into the hands of the Romans. Abyssinian civilization represents a type other than the Egyptian. It reached its highest stage of development under the influences of the Græco-Roman world of thought, as this was modified and reshaped through Christian influences.

A number of features conspire to make the Abyssinians a peculiar people. They are the representatives of a historic nation. They never call themselves Abyssinians. This term is derived from the Arabic, and signifies a mixture. It was applied to them by their neighbors across the Red Sea to characterize them as a people who had not remained pure in the family and tribal descent of which the Semitic peoples are so proud, but had been more or less mixed with the non-Semitic tribes of Africa. The Abyssinians use the old name Ethiopians, and emphatically reject that of Abyssinians. They prefer, however, the designation "Geez" (*i. e.*, Freedmen), which is the native appellation, and corresponds to the term Franks, used by a number of peoples in Europe.

They are a Semitic people, and as such belong to the same family of nations of which the Hebrews, the Arabs, the Syrians, the Babylonians, and Assyrians are also members. In national characteristics they thus naturally differ entirely from the Aryan races, of whom the Greeks and the Latins are the best representatives. The case is all the more peculiar because the Abyssinians are the only Semitic people in history that has derived its civilization from an Aryan source. Even the Babylonians form no exception to this, for the Sumero-Accadian culture, which is thought to have preceded the Babylonian period, is one whose existence is very doubtful, and which, if it existed, must have been Turanian in character. The other Semitic peoples, each in its own way, developed whatever of tendencies for progress they had independently of foreign influences—at least, of non-Semitic influences. Not so in Ethiopia. Here a distinctly Aryan civilization was planted in Semitic soil, with a result somewhat unique. People who naturally had all the traits of character and individuality we find so prominent in the Hebrew and Arab were brought under civilizing influences that originated in the ethnological atmosphere of the Greeks and Romans. The result was that Abyssinian culture represented some distinctive marks of both families of nations, the Semitic as well as the Aryan. The Semitic conservatism is strangely blended with Aryan progressiveness. The intense personal religion of the Semitic, which is a matter almost entirely of sentiment and feeling, is in the Abyssinian found united with the entirely un-Semitic logical instincts of the Aryan. With his Semitic brethren he is willing to slay a man who will not agree with him in religion, and with the Aryan he will dispute with his theological adversary for days about the two natures of Christ.

This double character of the Abyssinian world of thought finds expression also in his language, particularly in his syntax. The national literature has been developed entirely under Greek influences, with the result that the severely plain, almost agglutinative, syntax natural to the Semitic tongues has in the Ethiopic assumed a flexibility and variety of possibilities in the expression of the finest relations of thought that at first glance seem contrary to the Semitic genius. And yet in examining it close we see in it only Semitic germs developed under Aryan influences.

The Abyssinians are a South Semitic people, and as such nearest related to the Arabs. That they originally dwelt in southern Arabia is a fixed fact, based upon the native traditions, upon certain inscriptions, and upon the character of their alphabet. They are the only Semitic people that ever lived on the African continent, the Carthaginians being such only in language, but not ethnologically. They are, further, the only Semitic people that as a nation accepted Christianity. In their case, as often in the annals of missions, the introduction of Christianity and of civilization went hand in hand. In the fourth century Greek Christianity was introduced. Soon after this the great controversies on the person of Christ broke out in the Oriental churches. The Abyssinians, taking sides with the Monophysites of Egypt, separated from the Church general. What took place thus doctrinally was soon done geographically also. Mohammedanism arose, conquered Egypt and North Africa, but could not conquer Abyssinia. This was the only Christian people in Africa that was not subdued. Separated in this way from all the other nations with which it was connected by the ties of religion and civilization, and engaged in a struggle for life and death with the religion and culture represented by the aggressive power of Mohammedanism, it does not require a prophetic eye to foresee what would result for a people constituted as were the Abyssinians. The object of their national existence could be nothing else than the preservation of those principles and that religion for which so much danger had been incurred. Historical circumstances thus came to the aid of the conservatism so natural to all Semitics. An advance in any direction could not be expected in these premises. The preservation of what had been the traditional possessions of the people in religion, culture, literature, and life must constitute the only object of existence.

Nor did or do the actual facts in the case disappoint expectation awakened from the presence of such historical factors. For nearly one thousand years Abyssinia remained in absolute seclusion, and without intercourse with the Christian world. Rumors of the existence of a Christian nation on the eastern coast of Africa had indeed always been afloat among the nations of western Europe, and in the sixteenth century the Portuguese sent out a fleet to search for this mysterious land. It was rediscovered. It was found that the state of religion and culture, as far as external features were concerned, was substantially the same as that of the Greek world when the Abyssinian people were doomed to national seclusion. The spirit of these institutions was indeed gone, but the form was still there, and is there yet. The religion and worship of Abyssinia are in spirit a caricature of genuine Christianity, but in external form it is a petrified formalism of the Greek Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries. The Church and the civilization of Abyssinia are one of the ruins of the Oriental world, venerable and instructive; but they are not ruins in stone and brick, as are those in Babylonia and Nineveh. The decadence of public and private virtue has gone hand in hand with the decay of genuine religion. Especially when Mohammedanism ceased to be an aggressive enemy, the absence of the necessity of combining to ward off a danger threatening national existence caused ceaseless internecine wars, and finally brought about that lamentable state of affairs that now prevails in Abyssinia.

But the peculiar fate of the Abyssinians has not been without its advantages to literature and to the Church. As a nation it seems to have had the same mission to perform that the monks and the monasteries of the Middle Ages performed, namely, to preserve for an age that could appreciate their merits the remains of an earlier and better civilization. A large number of important works which had been lost to literature in Greek and Latin have been preserved and have been rediscovered in the Ethiopic language. Some of these literary treasures have been weighed in the critical scales, and have been found exceedingly valuable.

COASTING MADE EASY.

In New England, and in other parts of the United States where there are natural hills for coasters, the toboggan of Canada has made little headway. People in such places continue to do their sliding on the heavy combination sleds which are to toboggans as whale-boats to gondolas, or as eagles to carrier-pigeons. Undoubtedly the toboggan is much to be preferred for persons with ordinary nerves, and is far less dangerous. We seldom hear of a serious accident at tobogganing, whereas the papers every winter contain plenty of paragraphs telling of severe and even fatal injuries done by the "double-rippers" of New England and the "bob-sleds" of the Middle and Western States. Of course young and ardent coasters would not be likely to want the excitement of the sport curtailed in any degree, and it could hardly be expected of those who have been accustomed to flying down mile-long hills on runners of steel that they would turn enthusiastically to toboggans. There are places, however, where the Canadian methods would naturally obtain an easy foot-hold, and New York is one of them. The reason is that this is a city of very level surfaces. In a place which has no hills to speak of there is precious little opportunity, of course, for sliding down hill in the old-fashioned manner, but the toboggan, which is peculiar in having a hill to go along with it, is perfectly practicable. Even the necessary snow has been forth-coming this winter, though in nothing like the quantities that were the despair of the Street-cleaning Commissioners of eight and ten years ago.

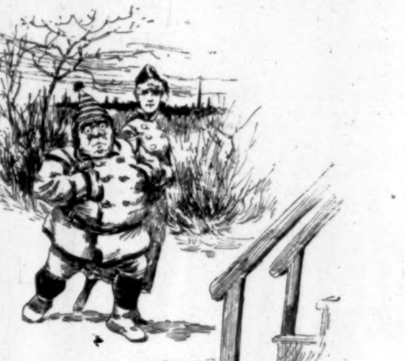
Then tobogganing is a picturesque sport, and there is considerably less work about it than about the old-fashioned sliding. The style of costumes of the tobogganers is shown in the picture on page 101, representing the slide at Fleetwood Park. The dress includes blanket overcoat, sash, tuque, leggings, and moccasins, and is full of picturesqueness in shape and color. The picture also shows the artificial nature of the toboggan hills, and affords an idea of the labor-saving element in tobogganing as compared with the natural domestic process. Dragging a toboggan is not much like dragging a one-hundred-pound sled, and going up a well-arranged flight of stairs is easier than climbing a steep and slippery acclivity. It will be seen that at Fleetwood Park there are two sets of hills facing one another. The arrangement is not exactly a solution of the problem of perpetual motion, but it looks that way, and it goes far to make tobogganing easy. The coaster will not be able to slide to the apex of the hill opposite, but he will get well along toward it, and will not be subjected to the tedious business of trudging all the way back over the route by which he has come. All he need do will be to mount a few stairs and start again. A minimum of climbing and a maximum of sliding have been kindly arranged for him by a management which is pleased to be alert and skilful in his service. At Rideau Hall, in Ottawa, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada, there is no such generous provision for tobogganers. The hill there is only a single one, and a full climb must be the accompaniment of every slide—a drawback less appreciable, perhaps, to Canadians, than to New-Yorkers.

THE RHYME OF THE LOST TOBOGGAN

I.

Telleth how the rich merchant and his beauteous daughter go forth to slide upon the treacherous toboggan.

IT was a wealthy merchant,
 Who sought the icy slide,
And with him came his daughter dear,
 That she with him might ride.



II.

Speaketh of a worthy but poor young man who loveth the lady, but hath never mentioned the fact to her father.

A comely youth was standing near,
 Who long had loved the maid,
But ne'er had voiced his sentiments—
 In sooth, he was afraid.

III.

Showeth why.

For crusty was the wealthy sire;
 And had he pressed his suit,
Gadzooks! I ween the youth had felt
 A large parental boot.

IV.

Explaineth the situation in life of the youth aforesaid.

'Twas in the glove department
 The young man's lot was cast;
'Mid dry-goods, laces, notions,
 His busy days were passed.

V.

Relateth his infatuation for the toboggan habit.

But when the shades of evening
 Fell o'er the frozen snow,
Tobogganing, with wild delight,
 It was his wont to go.

VI.

Reiterateth that the young man is present.

This comely youth, I said, was nigh,
 Who loved the lady fair,
And with him his toboggan new,
 Possessed of powers rare.

VII.

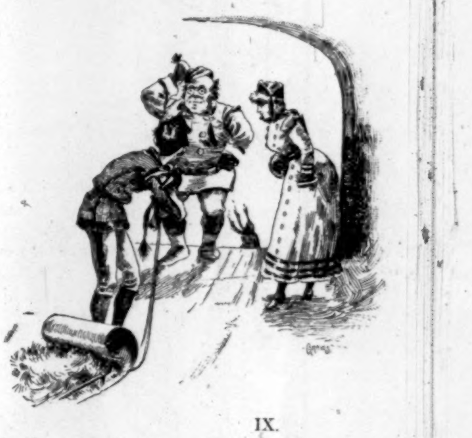
Dwelleth on the ennobling sentiments which overcome him on the near approach of his ladylove.

And when he marked her standing there,
 And felt her presence near,
He longed to be the frost-bite keen
 Which nibbled at her ear.

VIII.

The young man speaketh to the rich merchant and the lovely maid of whom he is enamored.

He guilelessly approached the pair,
 And bowing low, spake he:
"Fair lady and kind sir, I fain
 Would have ye ride with me.



IX.

Beseeching them that they may give consent to ride with him.

"Behold my fleet toboggan, which
 Outspeeds the very best;
If you should deign to ride thereon,
 'Twould give ye added zest."

X.

The parent accepteth the young man's invitation, and maketh preparation to ride.

The graybeard, he of treachery
 Bethought not nor of guile,
But briefly thanked the youth, and so
 Prepared to ride the while.

XI.

Showeth the manner whereby the youth getteth start of the stern parent.

The young man's face grew strangely
  grim
 (The lady sat before);
But ere the father gained a seat,
 Away the couple tore.

XII.

Of the latter's grief and unseemly rage.

Away upon the glist'ning slide
 Like lightning sped the pair.
The father called to them, amazed,
 Then, frenzied, tore his hair.

XIII.

Of his vain offer to those which stand about.

"What, ho! O'ertake them he who can,
 And bring my daughter back,
Nor corner lots, nor bonds nor stocks,
 Nor red gold shall he lack."

XIV.

Of their inability to aid him.

But motionless the sliders stood,
 Nor did they move a limb;
So swift the youth went down the slide,
 'Twere vain to follow him.

XV.

Describeth the flight of the young man and the maid,

Away, away upon their course
 The fleeting lovers flew;
Downward into the black beyond
 They disappeared from view.

XVI.

And their melancholy disappearance from mortal view.

What magic that toboggan had
 None ever knew. Alack!
The dry-goods man, the lady fair,
 They nevermore came back.

* * * * *

XVII.

Giveth a description of the effect upon the bereaved parent,

A bent and white-haired gentleman
 Roams near the rimy slide,
And marks, with face o'erlined with
  care,
 The couples downward glide.

XVIII.

And how it is his wont to weep and sigh most sorrowfully.

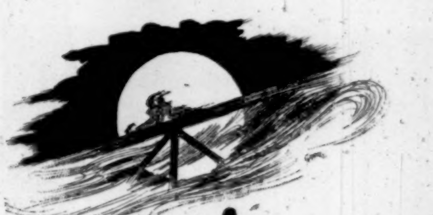
With tearful eye he looks upon
 The people passing by,
Then shakes his head despondently,
 And heaves a bitter sigh.

* * * * *

XIX.

Speaketh of the vision which doth haunt the wondering and awe-struck watch,

Policeman X. has testified
 That of a wintry night,
When all the town is fast asleep,
 He sees a grewsome sight:



XX.

And giveth his opinion regarding the same.

A couple all in snowy white
 Go down the slide like mad.
He says it is the lovers' ghosts
 A-fleeing from their dad.

* * * * *

XXI.

Narrateth how the memory of the ill-fated youth is cherished in his former haunts,

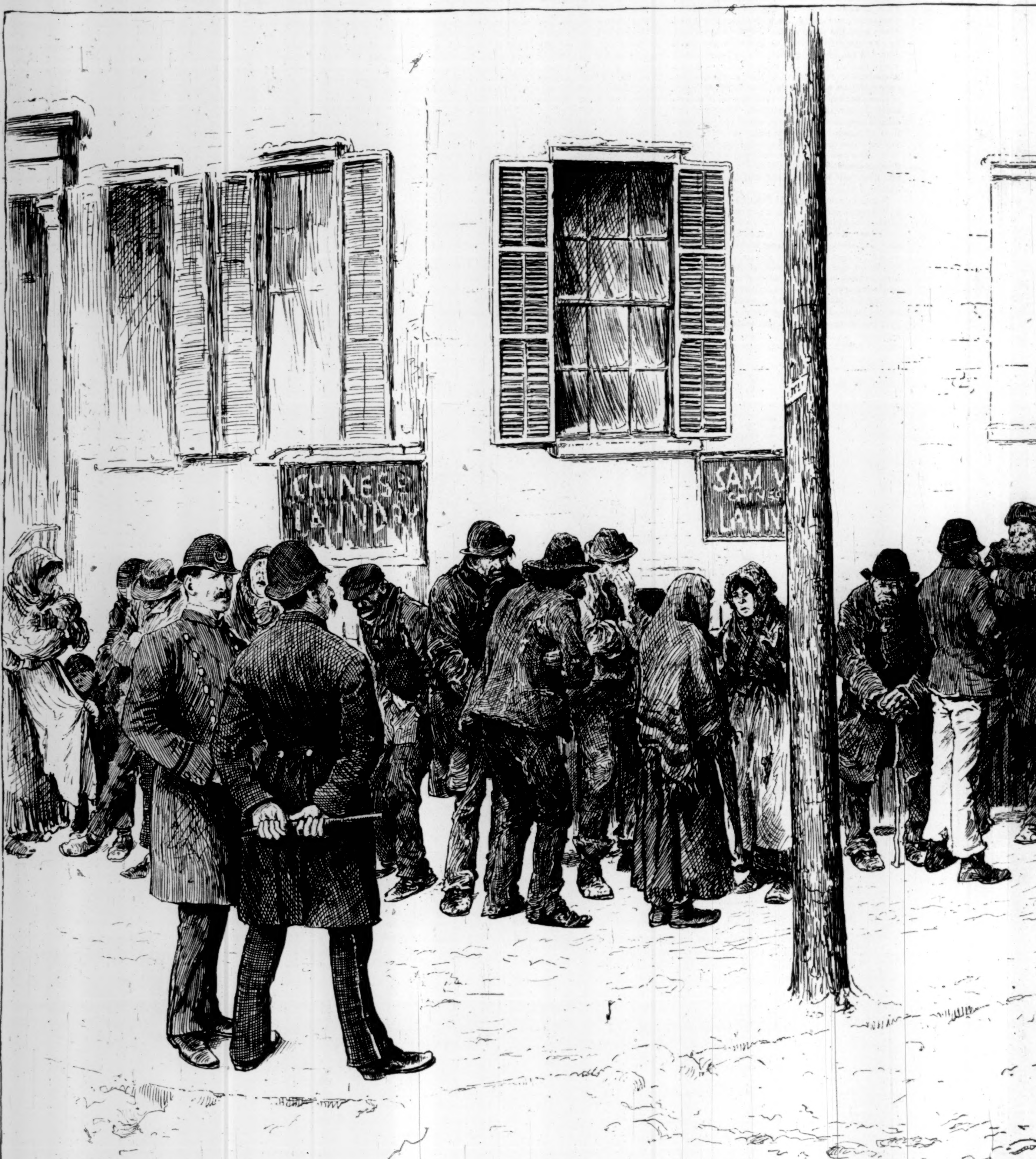
Still in the glove department,
 Still in the notions too,
Yea, even at the cashier's desk,
 They tell this tale o'er-true,

XXII.

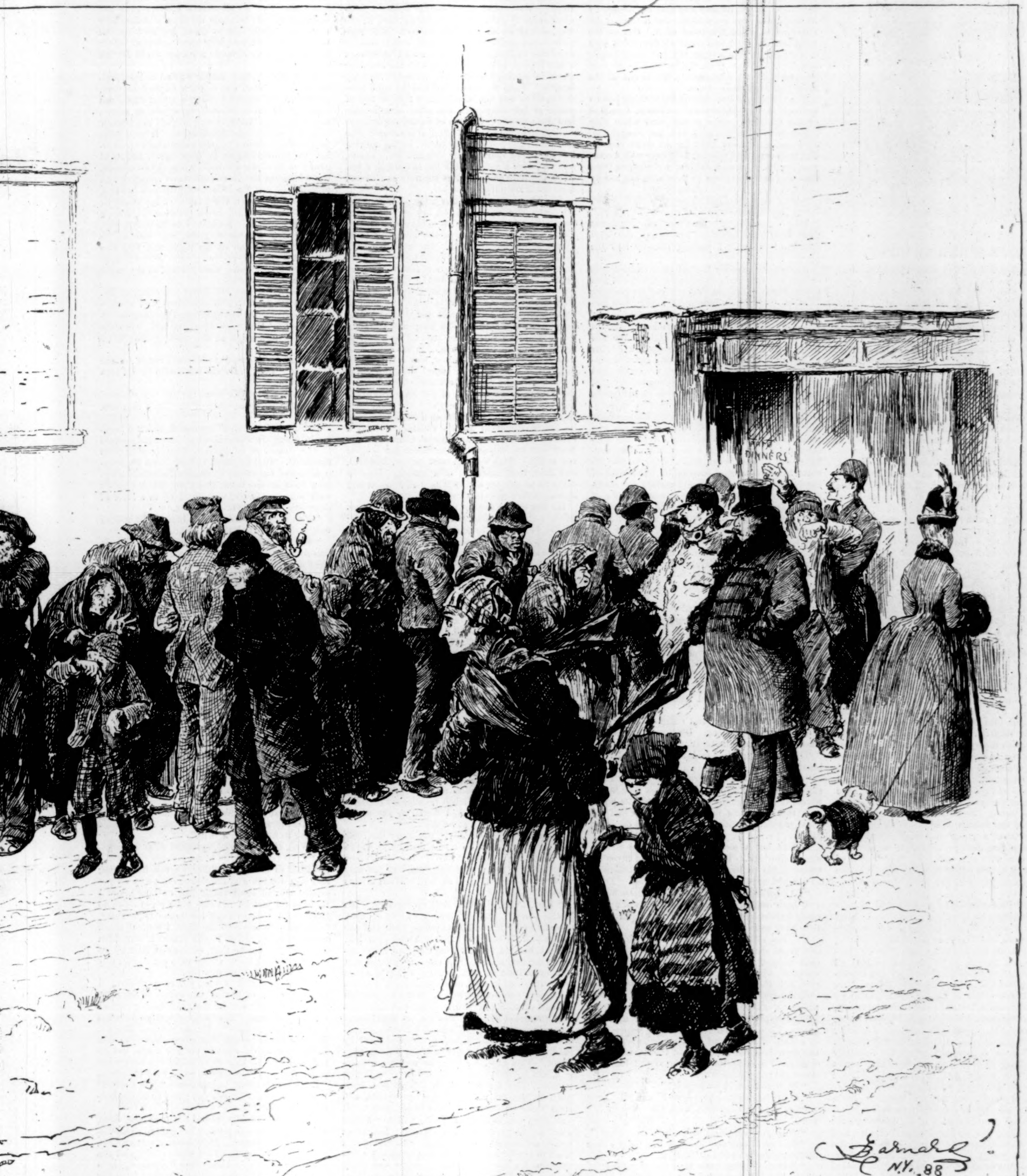
And detaileth the manner in which the recital of this tale is therein received.

As showing how a dry-goods man
 When crossed in love can die.
The lady clerks exclaim, "Just think!"
 The gents remark, "My eye!"

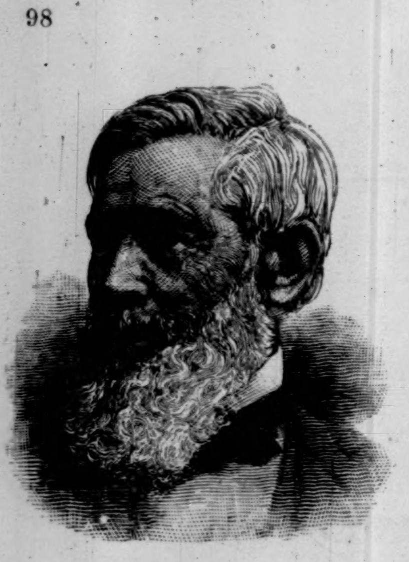
W. C. EDGAR.


CHINESE LAUNDRY
SAM W
CHINES
LAUN

WAITING IN LINE FOR A MEAL.—Drawn


DINNERS
Barnard N.Y. 88

wn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 92.]



PROFESSOR ASA GRAY.

On January 30th, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Professor Asa Gray died, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and by his demise the United States has lost the most distinguished of its scientific men. It was not alone on account of the many years so honorably filled that Professor Gray was considered as the Dean of the American faculty of science, but because of his eminent talents. Born in Paris, Oneida County, New York, in 1810, Asa Gray received his diploma as doctor in 1831. Early in life he showed a disposition toward botanical research; and in lieu of practising medicine, devoted himself to the study of plants. In 1834 he was made botanist to the United States Exploring Expedition, but resigned before the expedition sailed. His first professional position was when, in 1842, he became attached to Harvard College. Before this, as early as 1836, his work on the *Elements of Botany* had been published. Later on came a series of works on plant life, and a special one, *Structural and Systematic Botany*, which to-day, as a text-book, is wonderful for its exactness and comprehensiveness. In 1848 appeared *The Genera of Plants of the United States* and a *Manual of Botany of the Northern United States*, which passed through many editions. In 1854 he commenced his examination of the plants brought to the United States by the Pacific Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes, and at once Professor Gray showed how thorough had been his studies, and how complete was his acquaintance with the flora of the world. When, later on, Darwin startled human intelligence with his theory of development, many of the botanical data found in the *Origin of Species* were based on the accurate data furnished by Asa Gray. Later on, as it may be noticed in Darwin's more recent publications, he gives Asa Gray the highest position as a botanist, and classes him for deep insight into nature and its workings with Lyell and Huxley. In the United States, when the Darwinian theory was first broached, Agassiz, who was the disciple of Cuvier, was its most powerful opponent. In Asa Gray, Darwin found an able defendant. To Gray, nature's great sequence had always been clear. He may have differed materially with Darwin in regard to the first great cause. Some years ago, when at the meeting of the British Association at Montreal, Asa Gray read a paper on American and European flora, noting their peculiarities; for cosmical acquaintance with this vast subject, for power of generalization, this paper will live as one of the most brilliant pages in the book of modern science.

In 1873 Professor Gray may be said to have ceased lecturing at Harvard. Devoting himself more and more to his studies, he spent most of his time with his herbarium, engaged in completing his great work on *The American Flora*. Honored abroad, having had showered on him all those patents of academical nobility the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, can give, called on incessantly in his later days to add, by his presence alone, lustre to scientific congresses, Asa Gray preferred the quiet of his own home, the Botanical Gardens at Cambridge. Asa Gray was the most congenial and delightful of men. Eloquent to a degree, having all the scholarly gifts, writing and talking the best and purest English, the books Asa Gray published, the speeches he delivered, will always be admirable for their precision, elegance, and force. Conversationally, no one could listen to him without being struck by the charm of his manner. He bore his many years with grace and dignity, and to even a short few months before his death the fire of his youth showed no appearance of extinction. Asa Gray's name will remain associated with science not alone in the land of his birth, but all over the world.

THE "NANCY'S" LUCK.

A long row of bathing houses, all more or less demoralized by the fierce gales of winter, and farther lapsing at frequent intervals from the lines of summer rectitude as some exceptionally heavy sea rolled in from the howling darkness off shore. Such was the scene. The actors at first were two men, both of them clad in oil-skins and sou'-westers, each with a coil of rope and a lantern on his arm, and both busy trying to save the company's property. It was no holiday work this. Half the time they were mid-leg deep in the wash of cold salt-water, and they had ever to keep an eye to seaward for the extra big rollers that from time to time added a few more bath-houses to the list of casualties, and sucked the débris down the steep beach in a seething vortex of undertow. Save for the ghastly white luminosity of breaking waves, and the infinitesimal gleam of the two lanterns over a little circle of boiling foam, there was not a particle of light. The ocean was having its own way that night—nearly its last chance for the season—and it seemed determined to make the most of it. Out of the southeast the wind had come all day, thick with driving rain. When night fell, one could hardly see the light-house from the bathing beach, and everybody knows Adnesquit Light is one of the most powerful on the coast.

The two men at work among the bathing houses were old beach-combers and surf-men, members of the life-saving crew as well, and while they manfully kept up the fight with the hungry sea, eyes and ears were alert for off-shore sounds. Suddenly they both paused, as it were with a common impulse, and with salt-water streaming from their sou'westers, strove to penetrate the murky veil that hung over the ocean.

"W'at were that, Bill?"

"Mighty like the slattin' o' canvas, I thought."

They stood, with the undertow swirling about their feet, shielding their eyes from the level dashes of spray, and peering intently into the offing.

Almost at the same instant their trained eyes caught the uncertain twinkle of lights, red and green, which told them that a vessel was coming head on toward the beach. Waving their lanterns, they shouted vain warnings in the teeth of the gale, but they might as well have hailed a cyclone, for the wind whisked away the words half formed from their lips. Borne upon a mighty wall of water, the reeling spars and tattered canvas of a square-rigged vessel and the black mass of her bows lifted for an instant against the sky, and the two men fled for their lives up the beach. Bill Nichols declares to this day that her dolphin-striker just missed his head as she rode in, crashing through the line of bathing houses, and ploughing up the beach with her forefoot as a locomotive engine ploughs a snow-drift. The double-reefed foresail went into ribbons on the instant, the fore-topmast snapped off like a stick of candy, just above the cap, and carried the main-royal with it as it fell. There was a rattle of blocks and crash of falling spars, a chorus of hoarse shouts, and then, as if the gale had done its worst and was satisfied, there came a lull. The sea swept back the loose spoil that its last supreme effort had gathered, but it left firmly stranded, high if not dry, on Adnesquit Beach, the bark *Nancy P. Jackson*, Silas Coffin, master, bound for Boston, with a thousand bales of cotton in the hold.

The two surf-men followed the receding wave back down the beach, and looked up in silence at the towering bows. Captain Coffin and his first officer scrambled forward through the tangle on deck and looked over the bulwarks.

"Hello there!" he roared, "where be I?"

"Well, cap," answered Bill, finding his voice, "if you keep her the way she p'ints, you'll go plumb through the Ocean House on Adnesquit. That's where."

Captain Coffin did a most extraordinary thing under the circumstances. He turned to his first officer and poked him facetiously in the ribs.

"Done it, by gosh!" said the mate, under his breath.

"The *Nancy's* luck every time!" rejoined the skipper, and the two seamen shook hands enthusiastically right there on the forecastle peak, with the salt spray driving over them, and the ship trembling with the shock of breaking rollers.

It was but a momentary lapse from professional etiquette. The superior officer instantly resumed his prerogative of rank, and the mate as quickly subsided to his natural level.

"Lay for'ard here, all hands!" was the word; and both watches went smartly to work with ready knives cutting away the rigging and spars that hung over the side.

The sea still smote mightily upon the stern, and made short work with the rudder, which it soon twisted off, but Captain Coffin summoned the cook, who was a good sailor-man upon occasion, and the two warped some old sails down over the transom to deaden the force of the sea, which threatened to smash in the stern lights, and seriously incommode Mrs. Coffin and the baby. These important personages, respectively in a state of terror and indifference, were awaiting their fate and orders from the husband and father. Presently that individual put his head down the companion-way.

"Well, old lady, how goes it?"

"Oh, Silas, what's happened?" and the little woman went toward him with the baby in her arms.

"Well, for one thing, we've been cast away!"

"Oh! oh!" and she clasped her baby closer and sank down on the cabin floor.

"Now, Polly, don't you take on. I were goin' on to say it's a most fortunate thing. We're safe as a church, hard and fast on Adnesquit, and the tide runnin' ebb, and wind and the sea goin' down. What more can you want? You can go ashore for a walk if you like. It 'll be daylight in an hour or two."

"Oh, Silas! Wrecked?"

"Yes; but never you mind; we're all right. Now you jest turn in and go to sleep. We're safer than we have been any time sence we passed Cape Hatteras."

Worn out with fright and anxiety, and reassured by the obviously subsiding violence of the storm, Polly, who was a Gloucester girl, and used to minding masculine orders when on shipboard, turned in, and was soon fast asleep with her baby in her arms.

When day broke, the guests at the Ocean House (something of a winter resort, owing to an alleged understanding between the hotel proprietor and leading physicians in neighboring cities) saw a fine large bark-rigged vessel on the beach, with her white figure-head looking over the low sand-dunes that bordered the promenade, and her jib-boom reaching over the edge of the asphalt. She had come ashore on the very top of a spring-tide, running under storm canvas before a first-class easterly gale. As luck would have it, she was picked up at the last moment by a huge roller—the combined resultant of several smaller ones that had joined forces in the race shoreward—and landed, as we have seen, with her cutwater right in among Captain Bill Nichols's bathing houses. When the tide ebbed and the wind went down, there was not more than a foot or two of water at her stern-post, and after another tide had done its work, throngs of curious sight-seers walked all around her, dry-shod, at low-water. She had taken the ground very easily, losing nothing but the upper spars of her fore and main masts, and lay, with a comfortable list to port, in a bed of sand, where she rested as securely as if it had been made on purpose for her.

As soon as there was any hope of finding the telegraph office open, Silas let himself down over the bows and sent a despatch to his owner in New York, which brought that person down post-haste by the eleven o'clock train. On board the bark breakfast was ready at the usual hour. The sea had gone down with the tide, and save for a heavy ground-swell the ocean was calm. Captain Coffin had returned betimes, and was ready to sit down with his wife in the cozy little cabin to a genuine down-East breakfast of salt cod, baked beans, doughnuts, and coffee. The baby was temporarily laid upon a settee, and secured by a safety-net constructed by his papa. It has been said that Mary Coffin, *née* Dommet, was a Gloucester girl, but it has not been stated that two short years before she was the acknowledged belle of the place. Silas was one of the Nantucket Coffins, famous sailor-men every one, and soon after he began going to the Banks on a Gloucester boat he fell a victim to Mary's charms. It was a rather long courting, as sailors' courtships go. Mary was not disposed to surrender her sceptre too easily. Silas was a smart fellow, however, and soon had command of a smack. How he came to be skipper of the *Nancy P. Jackson* will appear before the story ends.

He was rather distrait for a while at this particular repast, but at length he broke silence with: "Polly, I expect we're here for all summer. Them wreckers can't get us afloat agin under three or four months, if they do at all."

"Will you have to stay here, Silas?"

"Yes, Polly, I expect I'll have to. You see, this ain't like an ord'nary wreck. Here we be, sound as a dollar; for all I know, cargo all right; and—and bein' it's my fault that we're here at all, why, it cert'nly 'pears like I'd ought to stay and see the thing through."

"How could it happen, Silas?"

"Why, you see, Polly, it was the thickest kind of a night, and the rollin' and pitchin' got the compass off its bearings somehow" (here Silas gulped a little), "and she got off afore the wind, and she wouldn't neither fall off nor come up. So here we be."

Polly had been watching her husband keenly during this rather halting explanation, and when he stopped, somewhat confusedly, she rose, and coming round the cabin table to him, sat down on his knee, and holding his face up, made him look at her. She was still distractingly pretty, this Gloucester belle, and Silas was still very much in love with her. Nevertheless he fidgeted uneasily under her questioning, and began to say something about having to go on deck.

"Silas Coffin," said Polly, "you know perfectly well there's no need to go on deck, and you're not telling me a straight story. Now you know there's no use trying to deceive me, and you may as well out with it first as last. What is this mystery?"

"Why, Polly, girl, the' ain't no mystery. It's just as I say." But his honest gray eyes dropped uneasily under his wife's searching gaze, and she had to pull his beard to make him look up at her.

Polly, being a sailor's daughter, had a full appreciation of the necessity of subordination aboard ship, or at least on deck, when the ship is at sea or afloat. But in port, or its equivalent, or in the cabin, she was accustomed to exercise a certain amount of wifely tyranny. Silas was like most young married men—he was not yet thirty—and was very susceptible to feminine influence, particularly when the said influence enforced itself by such methods as Polly was lawfully able to command. This time, however, he was not responsive, and his mood soon reflected itself in Polly's temper. Her manner, which had at first been playful, took on a suspicion of petulance, and soon resolved itself into downright anger. It was very unbecoming in Polly, and the reader shall not be prejudiced against her. Rather let wrath be turned against Silas, who had not a word to say for himself. Indeed he hadn't much opportunity, for Polly's was a sharp and ready tongue, and it ran so steadily that the mate dared not come below for his breakfast, but hung about, just for'ard of the deck-house, waiting for the domestic tempest to blow over, until, a happy thought occurring to him, he went aft to the boat that hung from the stern davits, and dragging thence a spare tackle and fall, let them come down with a bang on deck, and then hauled the heavy blocks toward the starboard quarter, just over where he knew the junior Coffin must be asleep. The ruse was successful. As he paused at the break of the deck he heard a very lusty infantile outcry, and Mrs. Coffin's stream of reproach was cut short.

Could he have seen through the deck-house roof he would have beheld Silas standing up, an angry flush on his face, telling his wife to mind her own business, and that there were some things women couldn't know about. Poor Polly's wrath had expended itself by this time, and she burst into tears when baby lifted up the voice of lamentation, and fled into her room a very angry and tearful mamma. The baby's outcry was quickly stilled from force of circumstances, but as the little chap reposed in the maternal arms he must have wondered in his infantile mind what made her shake so. At all events matters were not satisfactory, and he made his dissatisfaction very apparent. Polly had to check her sobs for the sake of her child, and, like many a mother before her, managed to assuage her own wrath for his sake.

The twelve o'clock dinner was an uncomfortable affair. Riker, the mate, a Cape Ann man, perceiving his superior officer's mood, dared not endeavor to make himself agreeable, as usual; and Polly, with her eyes still red, did not preside with her usual light-heartedness. It took Silas just twelve minutes by the cabin clock to swallow his dinner and go on deck again, and right glad was he of the diversion when, at two o'clock, the whistle of the New York train sounded, and presently he saw Mr. Rainsford, grip-sack in hand, come striding down the beach. Silas stood by the starboard cathead like a prisoner in the dock awaiting sentence. Rainsford came within hail, the crowd of sight-seers giving way with an instinctive recognition of his right, and with due solemnity climbed up by a pair of man-ropes which, by Silas's order, were lowered to the beach for his accommodation.

Silas led the way aft, Riker following, at Mr. Rainsford's request, and the silent and austere procession of three vanished down the companion-way, leaving the crew of eight men, with the boatswain in charge of the deck, gazing after them.

"Guess there's goin' to be some music for the 'ole man'[*] now," said the boatswain to the men nearest him.

"You bet your life there is; the 'ole woman' had better come on deck if she don't like that kind!"

But no "ole woman" appeared, and the boatswain, going aft, was amazed to hear what seemed to him sounds of suppressed mirth issuing from the cabin. Had he dared to look down the companion-way he would have seen Rainsford slapping Silas on the back, and then shaking hands with him and Riker, who stood by in a state of decorously subdued hilariousness.

"You couldn't have done it better," Rainsford was saying. "How did you manage it?"

"Well, it was mostly luck, Mr. Rainsford. It was so thick off shore that we couldn't make the light till we was clost in on the beach."

"Nonsense! I always told you you were too modest, Captain Coffin. I wonder you ever braced up enough to ask Mary Dommet to marry you. By-the-way, how is she, and the kid?"

"Oh, they're all right enough!" But a cloud came over Silas's bronzed face, and he lowered his voice. "Polly don't know a word of this, Mr. Rainsford, but she suspicions something, and she took on awful this morning 'cause I wouldn't let on. Can't I tell her now, sir?" and though Silas stood with his back to the light his voice betrayed him, and the mate shuffled uneasily on his feet as if he wanted to slink up the companion-way to avoid a scene.

"Don't go, Mr. Riker," said the irrepressible Rainsford. "Tell her? Why, of course you may, old man. Why didn't you tell her before? Where is she?"

Silas pointed with his thumb over his shoulder toward a state-room with door fast shut, but he did not speak.

"The devil! You don't mean that you brought her into this scrape? You old sinner! You don't deserve to have such a wife."

"Well, Mr. Rainsford," pleaded Silas, anxiously, "I did feel almighty mean a-doing of it, but I got kind of homesick whiles we was fitting out, and sent for her and the young one; and we got settled sort of comfortable like on board, and I thought I'd just let her stay till we got down to Savannah: I could send her home from there. Well, when it came to the p'int, I kind of hated to say good-by, and at length thinks I, why, darn it all, if it comes to that, we may as well all go down together; but if things turn out right, Polly will be on hand to see the fun."

"Good enough! Coffin, you're a genius. I never thought of having her here. Why, man, she and the kid will be the most taking part of the performance. The women will go into fits over the baby, and—" But he stopped himself. He was about to say that every man who saw Polly once would want to see her again, but he reflected that perhaps Silas might not altogether relish this sort of notoriety, so he held his peace. "But where is she?" he went on. "Mrs. Coffin!" raising his voice, "aren't you going to do the honors of the ship?"

Silas rather timidly opened the state-room door, and caught his wife putting her hair to rights before the little mirror. He whispered a few words, which cleared up her face wonderfully, and she came out and shook hands with Rainsford, whom she had evidently met before, judging from the pretty color that came to her cheeks at his greeting. The fact was that some three years earlier she had an innocent little flirtation with Rainsford, he being at the time on a fishing expedition to the Banks with this very Silas Coffin whose wife she now was.

"Where's the 'young un'?" asked Rainsford, with the shrewd diplomacy whereby perfidious man seeks to win the confidence of trusting mothers.

"He's asleep," said Polly, with gratified animation at the interest expressed. "You shall see him by-and-by." Then assuming, after the manner of women, that a man always wants something to eat, she called the cook, ordered cold baked beans and doughnuts, and bade him make coffee. Then the four sat down, while Rainsford ate and talked business.

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[*] Among sailors the captain is always referred to as the "old man," and his wife as the "old woman," no matter what their ages may be.

The landlord was not disposed to pay Rainsford's price for the wreck, but certain amicable arrangements were made between the two—Rainsford contracting to deliver the cotton on the beach, and the hotel-keeper agreeing to turn out his whole force of horses to haul it up to the railroad. It took only two or three days to discharge *Nancy's* cargo of cotton and ship it to Boston by rail. But meanwhile her light did not remain, as it were, concealed under a bushel. On the day succeeding the wreck paragraphs began to make their appearance in the leading journals of New York and Philadelphia, both of which cities are, as all the world knows, within easy reach of Adnesquit. The following may serve as a sample:

"Early visitors to Adnesquit will this season enjoy the novel spectacle of a 'real wreck' in front of the Ocean House. The loss of the bark *Nancy P. Jackson*—duly chronicled in our columns at the time of its occurrence—turns out to be of especial interest.

"The vessel lies with a picturesque cant to one side, and already artists with their sketch-books and photographers with their cameras are to be seen on points of vantage along the sand-dunes. It is understood that the captain and his family—the latter consisting of his wife, a blooming matron of five-and-twenty, and a bouncing baby boy—will make their home on the stranded bark during the summer. It is no very difficult matter to visit this interesting little family group who so narrowly escaped a watery grave. The operations of the Coast Wrecking Company too will afford an interesting study for mechanics and engineers, for it is believed that the vessel has sustained no material damage, and can be successfully floated at a not far distant date."

From this time forward the plot thickened. Visitors during the first day came aboard freely, climbing up by the fore-chains. Next morning Silas hung over the bows a notice, printed in large letters, to the effect that, owing to the large number of visitors, it had become necessary to charge an admission fee of twenty-five cents. The rope-ladder gave out within forty-eight hours from constant use, and the carpenter built a stout wooden one to take its place. But this, in turn, was superseded by a gangway practicable for women, for during all this time the bluffs were lined by a numerous representation of the fair sex, who were only deterred from attempting the perilous ladder by innate modesty and the presence of masculine spectators.

By the end of the week the hotel-keepers and railway managers had "caught on"—if the expression is permissible—and the two cities, with the intervening country, were placarded with announcements like this:

GRAND EXCURSION TO ADNESQUIT BEACH!

Tickets for the round trip, including clam-bake and admission to the

WRECK OF THE "NANCY P. JACKSON,"

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS.

No such opportunity likely to occur again.

Some of the posters bore highly colored pictures of sea, storm, and shipwreck, and the result was an unprecedented throng of visitors from ten o'clock in the morning, when the first train came in, till after dark.

It was soon apparent that no mortal mamma, not to mention her baby, could endure the strain of remaining constantly on duty, and Rainsford, ever fertile of expedients, concocted a scheme whereby, under cover of night, a relief consisting of two other babies and their mammas, imported from eastern Massachusetts, were smuggled on board. Despite the indignant incredulity of their respective mammas, the babies were dressed up so that the average visitor could not tell them apart, and then affairs went on swimmingly. It was necessary from time to time to make slight changes in the programme, in order to keep up popular excitement. During one week, for instance, a sort of nautical colony was established on board, whose members were engaged in splicing ropes, mending sails, making nets, and the like, while a band played and a trained quartette sang sea songs, bringing in at intervals regular sailor "shanteys"—an entire novelty to most of the audience.

On another week a company of actors gave *Pinafore* on board the *Nancy P.*, with the roar of surf for an accompaniment, and realistic "stage business" of the most taking description. In addition to these sporadic entertainments there were clam-bakes of a kind that overthrew all preconceived local ideas of such achievements. A corps of experts was recruited at Nantucket and along Narragansett Bay, where alone the "shore dinner" is known in perfection, and genuine down-East clam-bakes were for the first time prepared on the Jersey coast.

Contrary to Polly's expectation, the counterfeit babies were not detected, so that at all hours of the day one or other of them was surrounded by a circle of admiring females. Now and then the "watch below" would cause a momentary panic by setting up a squall in its own private state-room, but these little *contretemps* were explained away by the quick-witted Yankee women, and while suspicious remarks were from time to time dropped by observant visitors, the newspapers never intimated that there was a plurality of babies and mammas on board.

So the summer wore away, the September gales blew themselves out, and when October came the Coast Wrecking people cleared away the semicircular breakwater of piles that they had constructed to protect the *Nancy's* stern, and made ready to take advantage of the anticipated high tides, which were due early in the month. The hotels and railroads determined to close this unprecedented season in a blaze of glory, and to that end issued flaming programmes announcing the relaunching of the stranded bark, with refreshing certainty as to time.

At length everything was in readiness, and as the tide approached its height, Polly and the baby were sent ashore, receiving an ovation from the assembled multitude. Huge hawsers were passed out over the stern, and the company's tugs began to pull steadily seaward. It was an anxious moment for Rainsford and Silas, who stood on the after deck-house superintending operations.

But the *Nancy's* luck stood by her. The last blocks were knocked away, the hydraulic jacks exerted their pressure, and with a splintering of timber frames and a few rheumatic groans, she shook herself after her long rest, lifted a bit on an in-coming roller, slid a few yards, stuck fast again, lifted once more, and then resumed the regular roll that proclaimed her again afloat. Such a cheer as went up from ten thousand throats Adnesquit Beach never heard before. To be sure, she leaked like a sieve at first, but there were extra hands aboard for the pumps, and the seams soon closed. Polly and the baby were taken off in a surf-boat. In a few hours new spars were sent aloft, and, with the wrecking tug for escort in case of need, the *Nancy* set sail for New York.

It was a merry party that night in the cabin. Rainsford, for the first time, made a financial statement, which was so favorable that Polly actually cried a little, and insisted that Silas should forthwith promise never to go to sea again—a promise which he refused to make unconditionally; and then Rainsford, turning to him, said: "Now, captain, we have been so busy that I have never had a chance to fairly hear how you did it. Just begin and give me the whole story."

"Well, sir," said Silas, "there ain't very much to tell, and I reckon you've had 'most all of it in pieces a'ready. After we got our cotton aboard at Savannah we laid inside the bar till we got a fair wind up the coast."

Here Polly interrupted. "Silas, you never told me yet how you came to do this thing. I'm sure it was Mr. Rainsford's idea."

"Well, Polly, I guess you're about right; leastways, he had a hand in it. You remember the time he went a trip to the Banks with me in the *Dolly Varden?*"

Polly blushed a little, and admitted that she had not forgotten the incident.

"Well, one night on the Banks we got a-talkin' what a big thing it would be to beach a ship somewhere where she could be made a sort of a circus of. He asked me could it be done, and I says yes; and one thing led to another, and it all ended by my agreeing to take the contract, for half the profits, if he'd find the ship. That was three year and more ago, and I couldn't well get away from the *Dolly* before this spring; but he, Mr Rainsford here, waited patient, and I went to New York, as you know, and looked round there till I found this bark for sale cheap, considering her record as a lucky ship, and bought her."

Unconsciously Silas was talking to Polly, but she motioned him to address Rainsford.

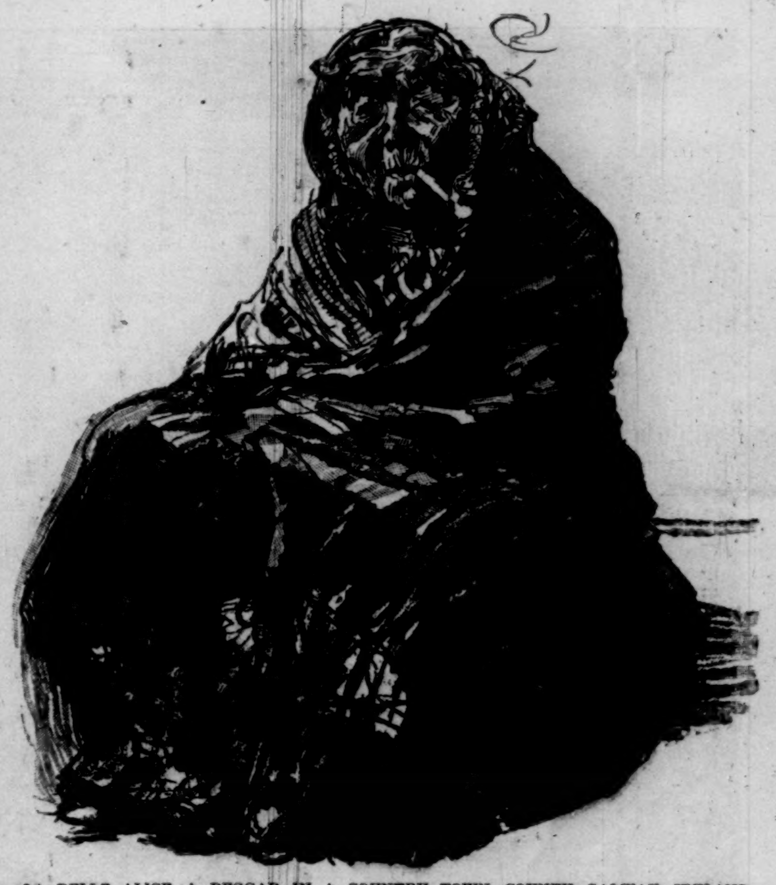
"Beg pardon, sir," he said, pulling himself up: "I'm always remembering something I haven't told Polly yet. Well, we had the finest kind of weather up past Hatteras, but just after we made the Delaware Capes the glass began to fall, and it began to pipe up from the southeast'ard. We stood off shore about forty mile, heading well out to sea, till me and Mr. Riker reckoned Adnesquit must bear about nothewest by nothe. Now I knowed it wouldn't do to change her course in the usual way, 'cause the man at the wheel would see she were headin' right in for the beach. So afore we left Savannah Mr Riker and me monkeyed the binnacle compass till we knowed just how she'd p'int with a chunk o' iron rightly placed in under the card. We rigged it so we could put it just where we wanted with our eyes shut. She steered rather wild, and we had two men at the wheel, the course bein' notheast, the wind out of the southeast, and a-freshenin' up some. We put a reef into the topsail afore dark, and then I sent the men forward for their grub, takin' the wheel myself. Riker he fetched the chunk of iron, and set it so that by the compass she headed southeast. By that time the men had finished their supper, and he went for'ard and gin out that the wind was haulin' astern, and the yards must be squared in. So the watch slacked off the lee braces, and he came aft and give her more main-sheet, and we squared away dead to the nor'west, while the compass said she was on her old course. The men went back and took the wheel, and never suspicioned nothing, and away we went, head on, for the Jersey coast. It was that thick with rain and drift that the lookout for'ard didn't make the light till we was clost under it, and by that time she had the bit between her teeth so that she wouldn't come up without getting a purchase on to the sheets and braces. We made believe try to work that, but there really wa'n't time enough nohow; so we calls all hands aft to keep out o' the way of fallin' spars, and let her drive. The rest of the yarn you know as well as I do. But we never should have done it if we hadn't had the all-firedest lucky boat that ever sailed. Mr. Rainsford"—confidentially, Polly having disappeared in response to a summons from the state-room—"me and Mr. Riker here would like to buy the *Nancy* on shares. She's a lucky ship, and I don't s'pose you want her now. What do you say?"

"Say? Why, that she's yours, of course, at the same price that you gave for her."

So the bargain was concluded then and there, over the cabin table, just as the lookout at the heel of the bowsprit made the Highland Light.

Years have passed since then. Silas and Riker generally take watch and watch as captain on alternate trips. Now and then Polly and the children make a voyage in the summer-time just to keep their hand in, and the *Nancy* still keeps her record unbroken as "an all-fired lucky ship."

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.



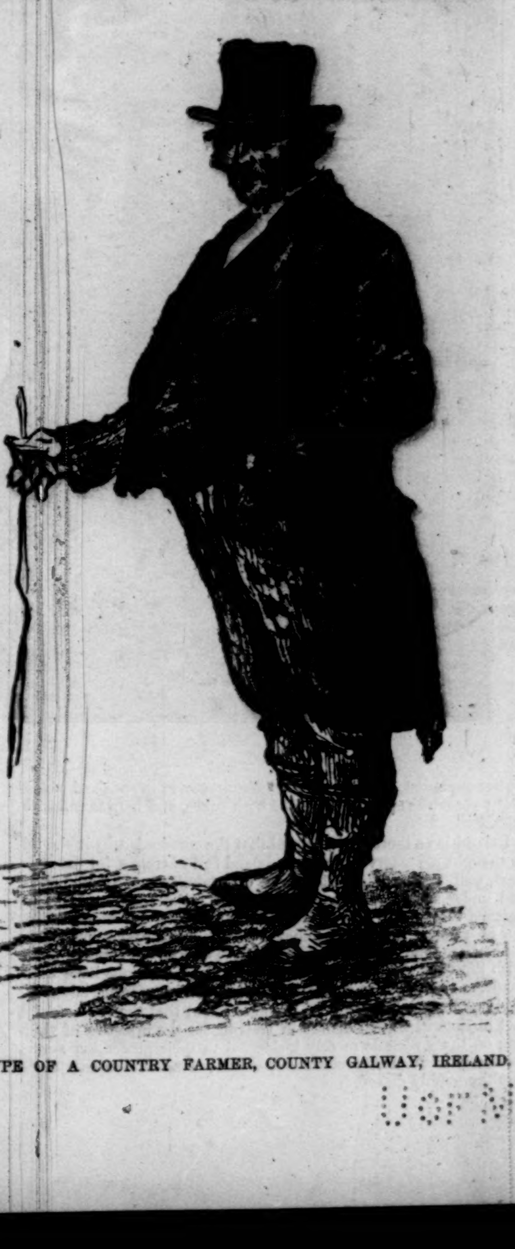
LA BELLE ALICE—A BEGGAR IN A COUNTRY TOWN, COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND.

SKETCHES IN GALWAY, IRELAND.

IRELAND is shaped like an hour-glass, and has been treated as such for the last six centuries. When you want an hour-glass to go on, you turn it upside down. That is what was done to Ireland under the Norman kings of England, under the native barons, more Irish than the pure-blooded Irish themselves, under ELIZABETH and CROMWELL, under WILLIAM and the GEORGES, and at various times in the reign of VICTORIA. Galway lies farthest from England in the narrow part of the hour-glass. On one side of the waist is Dublin, Galway on the other. Dublin and Galway—when the outside power clutched those two cities it was time to send everything topsy-turvy again. Little Mr. BALFOUR is supposed to be shaking the glass at the present time.

An ancient town is Galway, famous for the salmon that climb the waters, rushing past its crumbling old houses, and that work themselves with many a brave leap into Lough Corrib. Founded, like all large towns in the island, by settlers not of the Simon-pure original native stock (the *Gal* in Galway means "foreigner"), it is strictly national so far as its population is concerned, and has been as far back as history goes. Hither migrated the families pushed out of their own ancestral lands after more than one war with England, mixing in with Scandinavian elements, English, Welsh, and Norman adventurers, and perhaps a sprinkling of merchants from Spain and Holland. The people are simple, hearty, and God-fearing. They have no love for the kind of Englishman that rules in Parliament, but they hate like poison the Irishman who is not a Nationalist, and woe to the man who takes the farm of an evicted tenant! In this section lie the great estates of the CLANRICARDES, a family of Anglo-Norman origin completely Celticized in the past, and now in disfavor for declining to reduce the rents. Each time that a commission is appointed to adjudicate rents, it makes a reduction—the last was one of fourteen per cent.—so that perhaps the poor people are not so unreasonable as it is claimed.

Our illustration, made by a French draughtsman on a sketching tour through Ireland, is a characteristic scene. The man with a sword has been in the British army. He whirls the blade in a scientific *moulinet*, and declares that if he had that smiling sneak BALFOUR before him, he would cut the heart out of his body intoirely. As a matter of fact he would do nothing of the kind, but at most inform Mr. BALFOUR what he thought of him, perhaps not in the most respectful terms. The other men have seized tongs, punch-ladle, club, and platter, and his bravado gets a deafening accompaniment. Another gives a cat-call, and a sixth puts in a few high notes on a horn. The interior is that of a comfortable house with a floor, not a peasant's hut, and the men represent a superior class of farmers. They are weary of having their local affairs misunderstood, neglected, or mismanaged by a Parliament in London that cares nothing for them. What wonder that they look sadly westward across the Atlantic, and wish that Ireland might be anchored near American shores? But as that is impossible, they hope for a legislature of their own, through whose counsel the struggle for existence may become less hopeless. As it is, the sterile farms of the west coast hardly produce enough for the population to live on; the fisheries



TYPE OF A COUNTRY FARMER, COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND.

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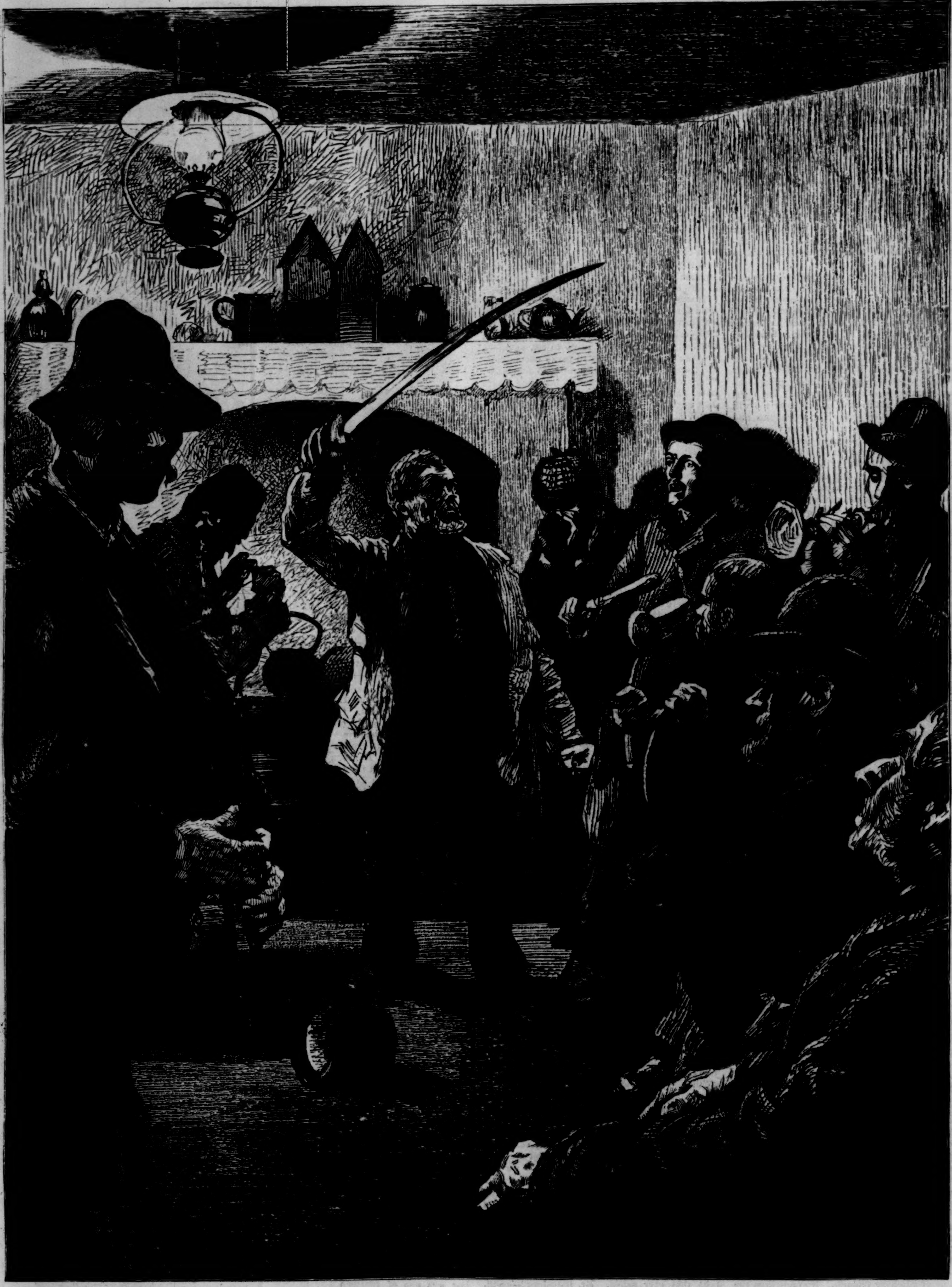


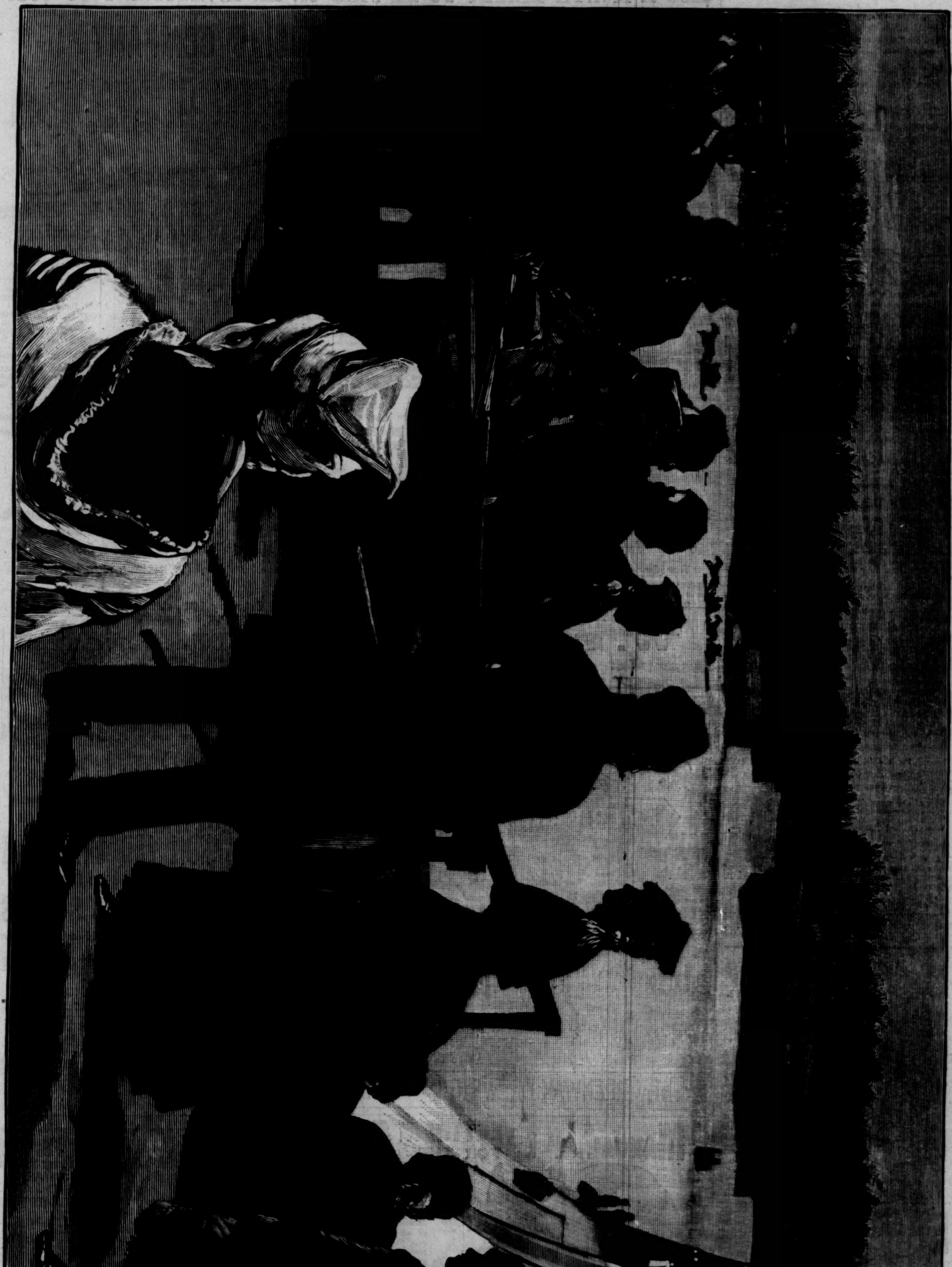
CHARACTER SKETCHES IN IRELAND—A MEETING IN A COTTAGE.

are not exploited, and there are no manufactures to speak of which might absorb the young people of both sexes, and help families to exist.

Ireland is so thoroughly policed that the wonder is why it should be thought necessary to keep the island full of troops, for the stalwart, well-trained lads of the Royal Constabulary are so numerous and under such excellent discipline that mobs could make little defence if assailed. They are well hated now, not individually, nor as a police, but because they are merely the troops under another form, and Irish troops at that. The natives identify them with the men who take up farms from which evictions have been made. As soon as a constable throws off his uniform, however, he is no longer disliked. So it comes about that the redcoats are not objects of special dislike in Ireland, for the injustice of visiting on them what is merely incidental to their profession seems perfectly clear to the meanest peasant; whereas the constables are thoroughly detested.

There is much destitution always on the west coast, but your old beggar seems to get along whether crops are good or bad. She lives on very little, pays no rent to anybody, and is one of the few that reap a harvest from tourists. The artist has caught a perfect type of the shrewd old woman, for whom nothing of the good things of life is left but her "poipe" and "dish of tay." Here is a "strong" or fairly well-to-do farmer in the dress that lingers in remote parts of these islands—coat and waistcoat of frieze made on his farm in hand-looms, corduroy small-clothes, high gaiters, a tall soft hat, and the inevitable little stick, degenerate survival of that blackthorn with which he used to lay his friends and enemies low when he was young. He has a shrewd, hard face, is given to strong drink on market-days, and will boast of having money in bank if he is sure that statement will not reach the ears of his landlord's agent. Generally speaking, the boast is as empty as his purse. But in some cases remittances from children in America and England, fortunate sales of stock, and a withholding of the rent in hopes of another big reduction, will make him for a time comparatively rich. Then his enemy is drink. As in all places where things are stagnant and amusements hardly exist, the temptation to this vice is great, and in the damp climate of Ireland almost irresistible.

It is part of the mournful absurdity of the insistence of Parliament that it knows how to run the affairs of four millions of people better than they do themselves, that a man like this, when he does find himself in funds, hardly knows which way to turn for a safe investment. Land scales down in price so rapidly that he does not dare to take any, though he is bred to suppose land the great desideratum, while the failure of good government throughout the island does not permit ordinary channels to establish themselves, such as small industries, trades, and manufactures. So the chances are that he may squander what he has saved before he can find a place where it will bring him some return.



TOBOGGANING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 95.]

THE SAFEST TIME.

"Come, now," the warm sun whispered at the lake
Where the white water-lilies longed to bloom,
"July is safest time for buds to break,
And star with white the dull pond's dangerous gloom."

Alack! the eager sun had quite forgot,
When once the air with flowers is perfumed,
Then steal the youths and maidens to the spot,
To gather every lily that has bloomed.

There is no "safest time," I fear me much,
For beauty that is sweet to pluck and hold;—
Less terrible is winter's unkind clutch
Than summer's troop of youths and maidens bold.

Yet do not blame with pessimistic art
The sun that seems the lily to have tricked;—
Take well this lesson to your doubting heart:
A lovely lily likes well to be picked.

A. W. R.

A STAB IN THE DARK

Sometimes fails of its murderous intent. The insidious and dastardly attacks made upon the reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters by persons who seek to palm off cheap and fiery tonics as identical with it, or "the same thing under another name," or "equally as good," in most instances react disastrously upon the unprincipled traders upon popular credulity who attempt them, converting their speculations into ruinous failures. The Bitters is a pure, wholesome, and thorough medicine, adapted to the total cure and prevention of fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, debility, nervousness, and kidney troubles. Its every ingredient, unlike those in the imitations of it, is of an ascertained standard of excellence, and while they, by reason of their fiery properties, react injuriously upon the brain and nervous system, of both those organs it is a sedative and invigorant. Refuse all these harmful imitations.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs.

"*I recommend their use to public speakers.*"—Rev. E. H. Chapin.

"*A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, etc.*"—Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

The Great Pain Reliever,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

No well-regulated household should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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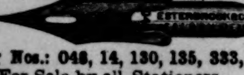
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup.*** It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



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The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamacia Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

$100 A MONTH LIKELY TO BE PAID ON AN INVESTMENT OF $350.

THE CARSON RIVER DREDGING COMPANY

Will Sell a Limited Amount of their Treasury Stock at $3.50 per Share.

It is expected that this Company will be able to pay **10 per cent. a month** on the par value of the stock, which is $10.

THE STOCK IS LISTED ON THE CONSOLIDATED EXCHANGE. ALL CERTIFICATES ARE REGISTERED BY AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY.

STOCK IS FULL PAID AND NON-ACCESSIBLE, AND IS SO STATED ON THE CERTIFICATE.

DR. RAE'S PROCESS IS NOW WORKING ON SEVERAL LARGE MILLS WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

THIS COMPANY OWN ALL RIGHTS TO USE ON THESE CLAIMS THE RAE PATENT VACUUM DREDGE; THE RAE PATENT SYSTEM OF SLUICES AND ELECTRIC AMALGAMATORS AND PROCESSES; ALSO THE GOULD PATENT SYSTEM OF CONCENTRATION.

This Company is the exclusive owner by right of location under U. S. Laws of the Astral and New Era claims on Carson River, near Dayton, Lyon Co., Nevada, each 4160 feet in length by about 200 feet in width, about twenty-seven acres in each claim.

These two claims are pronounced by competent experts to be by far the richest of any on the river, possessing a known wealth running up into the millions.

"The Astral" takes a portion of the river above the Rocky Point mill-dam, where, in the lively bonanza times of rich ores, thirteen mills were working crushing this ore, and losing in wastage $1000 to $10,000 per day in quicksilver minerals, according to the capacity of the mills.

"It is estimated that at least 10 per cent. of the bullion product of the Comstock Mines has flowed at tailings into Carson River, and at least $40,000,000 can be recovered."

It is estimated by mill men there and other experts that over five millions can be recovered from the upper part of the Astral claim alone, and nearly if not quite as much from the remainder, judging from tests made.

The "New Era" Claim takes in the east branch of the river for about one third of a mile, including an island of about ten acres. The island has been formed from the tailings deposited in the river by the big mills "Eureka," "Morgan," "Brunswick," "Ceplier," "Santiago," et al., and is beyond all question of immense wealth. The loss per diem from each of these mills in quicksilver alone (proportionate to their capacity) has been from 100 pounds of quicksilver and upwards per day, together with large quantities of amalgam as well as rich sulphurites now acted upon, amounting to thousands upon thousands of dollars.

The Company also own (by recent purchase) 15 other claims of about 20 acres each, making a total (including original claims) of 340 acres.

As to the basis on which dividends are expected to be paid, the Agent wishes to state that his calculations are from figures furnished by the Company, which are as follows:

"These estimates of the value of the Island and the bottom of the river are one half less than the mill men and mining engineers of great experience estimate them."

COST OF WORKING DREDGE.

One day of ten hours.

2 engineers	$8 00
1 sluice foreman	4 00
3 " men	7 50
1 dredge foreman	4 00
1 fireman	2 50
3 grizley men	7 50
1 retort man	4 00
1 clerk	3 00
Oil and chemicals	6 00
Gen. manager	15 00
Incidentals	6 20
Total	$70 00

Results.

10 hours' work, 500 tons.	
Value per ton, $5	
	$2500
Allow for possible error	500
	2000
Less Expenses	70
Profits per day	$1930

"This estimate as to the earnings of the Company is based on the minimum value of the material recovered. The net daily earnings will, beyond doubt, be greatly in excess of this."

It will therefore be seen that at the above rate, for 24 hours [instead of 10 hours], allowing only 300 Working Days, the profit would amount to ONE MILLION THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS, which would make a great deal more than 10 per cent. a month on the company's CAPITAL OF ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

Ten per cent. a Month Would Make Investments Pay as Follows:

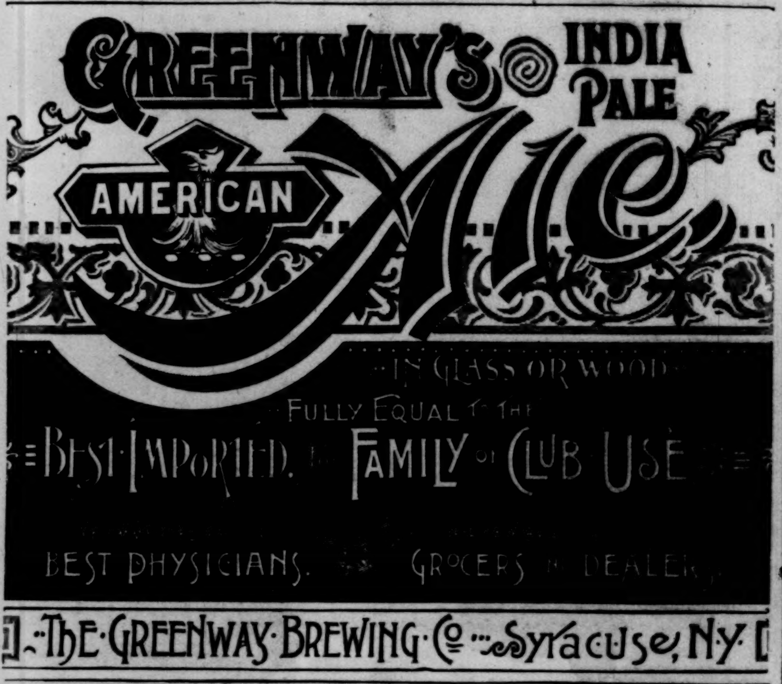
100 shares	costing	$350.00	Income	$100.00	a month.
50 "	"	175.00	"	50.00	"
25 "	"	87.50	"	25.00	"
15 shares	costing	$52.50	Income	$15.00	a month.
10 "	"	35.00	"	10.00	"
5 "	"	17.50	"	5.00	"

These figures appear large to conservative people, but many have done as well before this. And now, as Dr. Rae has been so successful with his process, there seems to be no question about the final result in this Company.

Send orders with Cashier's Check, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter, until February 16th, at rate of $3.50 per Share, to

W. S. CHAMBERLIN, Agent,

115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.



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is this season the grandest ever issued, containing **three colored plates** and superb illustrations of everything that is **new, useful and rare in Seeds and Plants,** together with plain directions of "How to grow them," by Peter Henderson. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps.) To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual, we will, at the same time, send **free by mail, in addition,** their choice of any **one** of the following novelties, the **price** of either of which is 25 cents: One packet of the new **Green and Gold Watermelon,** or one packet of new **Succession Cabbage,** or one packet of new **Zebra Zinnia,** or one packet of **Butterfly Pansy** (see illustration), or one packet of new **Mammoth Verbena,** or one plant of the beautiful **Moonflower,** ***on the distinct understanding,*** however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

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The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. ☞ *Buy of your dealer, or send* 10 *stamps for trial can.* H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

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YANKEE SOAP,
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SHAVING SOAP,

for 50 years has been famous for its rich soothing and lasting lather and is the favorite with "SHAVERS" everywhere.

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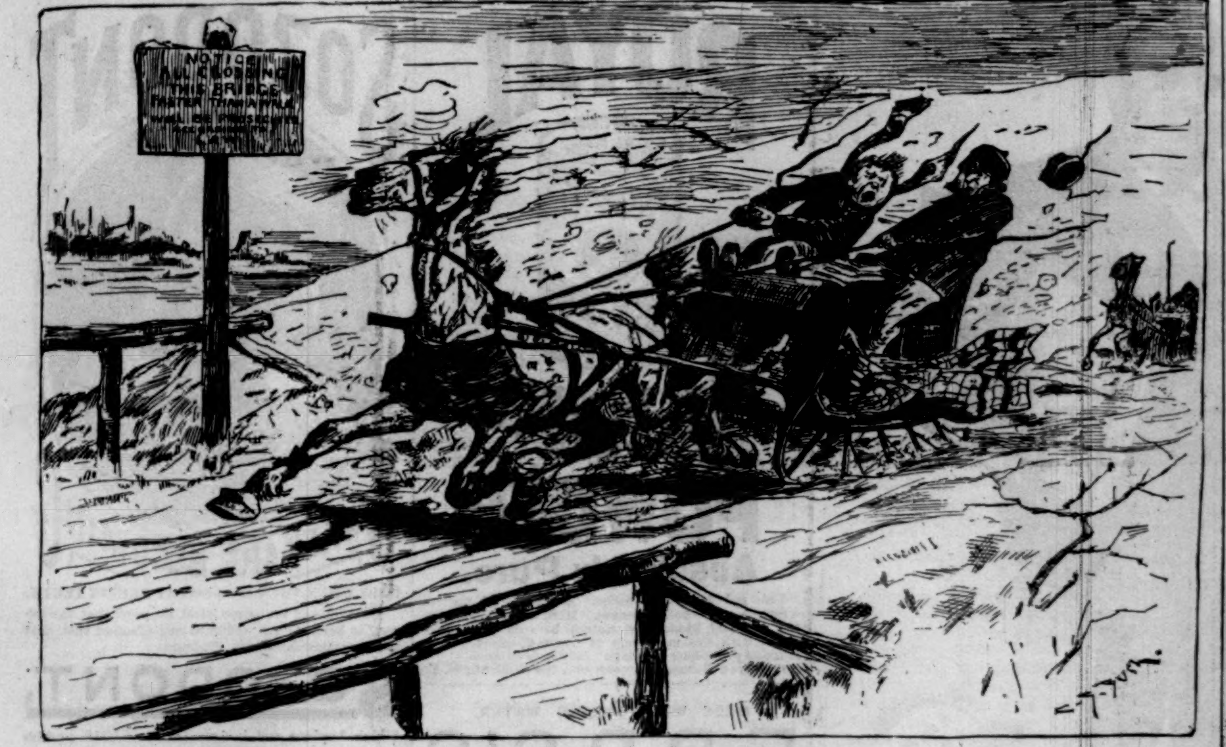
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

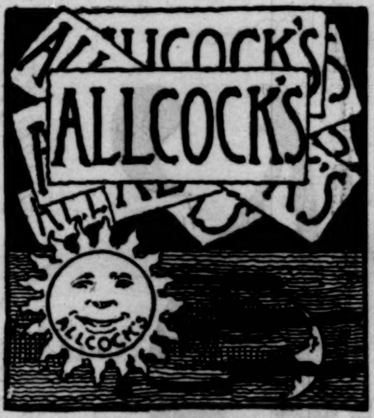
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit free. Terms free. Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.



NO STOPPING HIM.

"S-s-say, B-B-Bill?"
"'M?"
"That's the highway cummish we jes broke up; ain't yer skeered?"
"No'p; there's only one thing as 'll stop ole Tige when 'e gits the bit in his meouth."
"What's that?"
"The barn door."



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When purchasing plasters ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

DREER'S EARLY GOLDEN CLUSTER WAX POD BEAN

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Established 1838. In celebrating our golden anniversary, we will make a present of one packet of Dreer's **Golden Cluster Wax Bean** to every one who mentions this paper and remits 15c. in stamps to cover cost of finest catalogue ever issued of **Seeds, Plants, Bulbs,** and every garden requisite, containing two colored plates and hundreds of engravings. Concise directions for cultivation. Valuable to all who plant seeds.

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The Fortieth Annual Statement of this Company is now in type. Get it. It is important to you if you are insured, if you are uninsured, if you favor life insurance, if you are averse to it, if you are indifferent. Get the statement.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

Great progress in 1887. An income of over THREE MILLIONS. Total assets of nearly THIRTEEN MILLIONS. A clear surplus of more than TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. A membership of over 25,000 persons. Nearly THIRTEEN MILLIONS of new business in 1887.

$61,000,000 insured.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

It is a mutual company—the members, the policy-holders, get its dividends, and these reduce cost to less than actual value of the insurance. Nearly FOUR MILLIONS of dollars saved from interest earnings over and above cost of management. See the forty years' record.

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Learn about non-forfeiture, extension and incontestability; about cash and loan values; about novel plans and features adapted to every need. Send to Home Office, 921 and 923 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Inquiry by letter or postal receives prompt attention.

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NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and in curing, torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, and exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Jewett's New Water Filter.

A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

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59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

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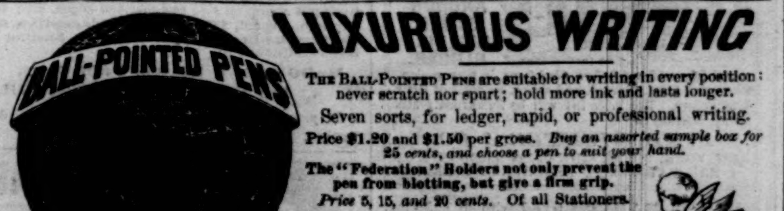
Collection in all foreign countries.



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THE BALL-POINTED PENS are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and lasts longer.

Seven sorts, for ledger, rapid, or professional writing.

Price $1.20 and $1.50 per gross. *Buy an assorted sample box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.*

The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price 5, 15, *and* 20 *cents.* Of all Stationers.

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EVENING DRESS
FABRICS

Silk Crepe Tissues,
Plain and Emb'd Crepe de Chines,
Fancy and Stripe d'Esprit Nets,
Mousseline de Soie,
Flounces, with Trimmings to Match.

Broadway & 19th st.

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LEADING SPECIALTIES.

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ALL VARIETIES, SIZES AND PRICES
FINE EVER-BLOOMING PERPETUAL, CLIMBING AND MOSS ROSES.
NEW AND RARE FLOWER SEEDS.

HARDY PLANTS, New Moon Flower, Clematis, Spring Bulbs, JAPAN LILIES, New Chrysanthemums, and our Wonderful ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES. *Everything sent* safely by mail or express *to all points.* We offer Choice NEW THINGS and STERLING NOVELTIES in all departments. Our NEW GUIDE, 100 pp., elegantly illustrated, describes over 1500 NEWEST and CHOICEST Varieties of ROSES, SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS, and tells how to grow them Free. ☞ If you wish to plant anything, send for it. 20 Years Established. *Over* 60 *Large Greenhouses.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
ROSE GROWERS, WEST GROVE, Chester Co., Pa.

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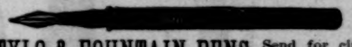
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send **free of charge**, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

CURED

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for circular. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality **Gold Pen.** Stylo, $1; Fountain, $2 and up.

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For PUBLIC or HOME EXHIBITIONS.
Best plain or colored Magic Lantern Slides.
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The most popular and successful periodicals for family reading ever published.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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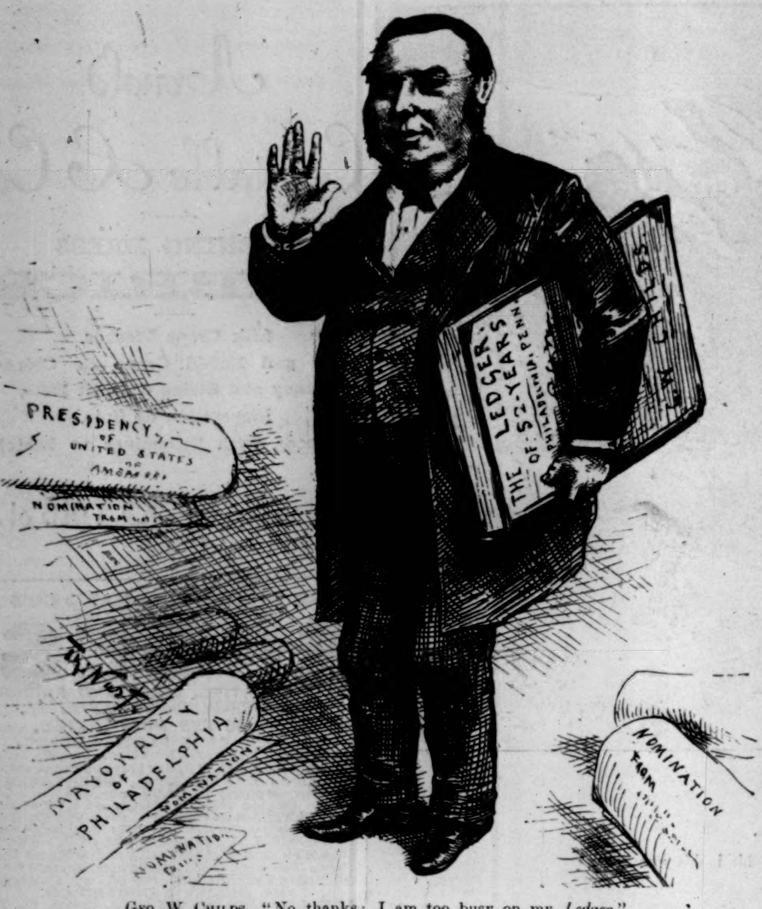
PRESIDENCY OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
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THE LEDGER: OF 52-YEARS PHILADELPHIA, PENN.
G. W. CHILDS
MAYORALTY OF PHILADELPHIA
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Geo. W. Childs. "No, thanks; I am too busy on my *Ledger*."

ROYAL

FULL WEIGHT ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

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ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT,

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

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LINEN
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BEST IN THE WORLD

Pears' Soap for the Complexion.

Established in London 100 Years.

Pears' soap

Beware of Deleterious Imitations.

15 International Awards. Sale Universal.

C & C ELECTRIC MOTOR.

If you want an Engine to drive a pump, sewing-machine, printing-press, or any other kind of machine without noise, dirt, heat, or trouble, ask the **ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.** to set up one of our Motors for you. The power is derived from the Electric Light Wires. The Motor is attached just as an Electric Lamp would be. The **ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.** charges for current used for small Motors about what you pay for the use of a single gas drop light.

Cheapest form of Engine there is, especially for light power purposes.

This Company supplies Electric (primary) Batteries to run small Motors where current from Electric Light Wires cannot be obtained. Send for Circulars.

C & C ELECTRIC MOTOR CO.,
90 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Adopted as the club standard because the best. The most stylish Toboggans made. Send 25 cents for "The Toboggan," giving full information about the sport, how to build and manage slides. Price-list of Toboggan and general Athletic Goods mailed upon application.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
108 Madison St., Chicago. 241 Broadway, N. Y.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. Gunther, Confectioner, Chicago.

THE Toy the child likes best!

We take pleasure in informing our patrons that our stock of the celebrated

ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS,

completely sold out before Christmas, is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

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Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums **Perfectly Restore the Hearing,** and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

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OF TABLE WATERS.

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Cabinet Specimens, Paper Weights, Watch Charms, &c., made of silicified wood from Chalcedony Park, Arizona. Nature's incomparable handiwork in colorings, polished with mirror finish. Send for circular and price-list.

DRAKE COMPANY,
DRAKE BLOCK, ST. PAUL, MINN.

PRESIDENT CARNOT AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE White House of Paris is a modest mansion in the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, composed of a two-story low façade pierced by a monumental entrance, a large court-yard surrounded by low buildings, and at the end of the court-yard, facing the handsome gateway, the palace proper, with its central mass and two wings. Behind the palace is a magnificent old garden stretching back to the Champs Elysées, for the Elysée and its grounds occupy a rectangular space bounded by four streets, namely, the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, the Avenue Marigny, the Avenue Gabriel, and the Rue de l'Elysée. It is a handsome specimen of eighteenth-century domestic architecture, without being anything very extraordinary; and were it not for the flags hoisted over the entrance and on the roof, for the melancholy sentinels whom you see night and day pacing up and down, and for the guard-rooms at the angles of the block, the passer-by would pay no more attention to the Elysée Palace than he does to the English Embassy, or a dozen other mansions that front on this busy Faubourg St. Honoré.

The Elysée was built in 1718 by the Comte d'Evreux, who married the daughter of Crozat, one of the richest financiers of the last century, but by a curious fatality it has not once passed by direct inheritance from father to son. The Comte d'Evreux sold the Hôtel d'Evreux, as it was first called, to Madame de Pompadour for 730,000 livres, and within the first year of her ownership the favorite of Louis XV. spent nearly one million francs in embellishing it. By her will Madame de Pompadour bequeathed the Elysée to her royal lover, who, in his turn, sold it to the financier Beaujon. After the Revolution the Hôtel Beaujon was let for public gaming-tables and for a dancing-saloon and recreation-grounds at the sign of the Garden of Elysium, which during the Directory vied in popularity with the gardens of Tivoli, of Idalia, Monceaux, Biron, Ruggieri, and the six hundred and forty-four ballrooms which kept Paris dancing while Madame Tallien held the sceptre of fashion. Subsequently the Palais de l'Elysée became the Elysée-Bourbon when the Duchess of Bourbon lived here. The next tenant was King Murat, and after him the Emperor Napoleon I., who signed his second abdication there; then followed the Duke and Duchess of Berry, and then Louis Napoleon, who plotted within its walls the *coup d'état* which made him Napoleon III.

During the Second Empire the Elysée was reserved for lodging illustrious visitors, such as the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor Alexander II., and the Shah of Persia. Finally, when the present republic was established, the Elysée Palace was set apart as the residence of the head of the state, and it has since been occupied by M. Thiers, by Marshal MacMahon, and M. Grévy, who only a few weeks ago withdrew to make room for Monsieur Marie François Sadi Carnot, elected President of the French Republic on December 3, 1887.

With all due respect to the new President, I should like to say that his general appearance reminds me of that of a lean crow. Like a domino, he is all black and white; his face is white, his hair, beard, mustache, and clothes are black, and his expression and aspect are singularly dark and unluminous. His person seems to absorb the light instead of reflecting it. If you see him walking in the garden of the Elysée, for instance, you are surprised how dusky he looks; in his cabinet he looks even darker than when he is in the open air. He is the personification of that black dress-coat which is the traditional full-dress uniform of a French civil functionary, and at the same time the most correct costume for attending a funeral. In stature M. Carnot is rather below medium height; he is slender, sad-looking, and not without distinction; but since he has been elected President he has cultivated a smile which renders his natural affability even more affable. Evidently M. Carnot intends to make every effort to be a correct President, even in the most minute details. He has had new clothes made after long conferences with a fashionable tailor; he has had his long black hair shortened, and now a barber comes to the Elysée every day to keep the hair, beard, and curled-up mustache in fine apple-pie order. His manner, while remaining agreeable, has become more dignified and stately; indeed, Carnot the man and the engineer has, so to speak, retired into hiding behind Carnot the figure-head of France.

A brief but adequate biography of President Carnot was given, together with his portrait, in Harper's Weekly for December 10th. A few details only need be added here concerning his home life. M. Carnot married a daughter of the political economist Dupont-White; and his family is composed of a son, who is Lieutenant in the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry; of a daughter, who is married to M. Cunisset, Avocat-Général at Dijon; and of two other sons, of whom one is attached to the School of Mines at Paris, while the other, a young boy, is a day pupil at the Lycée Janson. These two sons live at the Elysée, and dine with M. and Madame Carnot in that cozy and charmingly furnished dining-room of which our illustration gives a picture at the moment when the man-servant is laying the table. Madame Carnot is handsome and distinguished, and, I am told, a highly accomplished lady; she has hitherto lived as a simple though elegant *bourgeoise*, but she announces her intention of receiving on Tuesdays, and of doing all that is in her power to make the Elysée more gay and sociable than it has been during the past nine years under the morose and niggardly *régime* of M. Grévy. The task, however, is not an easy one. In this epoch of democracy, tempered by souvenirs of monarchy and court life—in this French republic, where titles are respected and desired even more than they were under the old *régime*—it is almost impossible for a civilian, a mere middle-class citizen, a gentleman of high average intelligence, but not by any means an eagle of genius, to make the Elysée a social centre, or to give there any public *fêtes* or receptions other than those democratic stampedes which M. Grévy inaugurated under the name of the Elysée balls. It was the appalling spectacle of the rush at the buffets at the Elysée balls which inspired the observant Tcheng-Ki-Tong, of the Chinese Legation, with the following remark, printed in his notes of foreign travel: "Persons of distinction in Europe, when admitted to the presence of the Chief of the State, do not sit down to table, but precipitate themselves upon the viands with warlike fury."

Nevertheless M. Carnot and his wife can do much to make themselves popular by continuing as they have begun, by showing themselves from time to time in the state box at the Opera and at the Comédie Française, and by manifesting some interest in the life of Paris and in the pleasures of the Parisians.

President Carnot has been too short a time in office for us to judge his bearing and compare it with that of his predecessors; indeed, he has hardly had time to settle down and to form his habits. However, there is one detail which the Parisians have learnt with pleasure, namely, that M. Carnot does not go to bed at nine o'clock, as M. Grévy did. M. Grévy, too, used to affect to read only the *Journal des Débats* and the Paris correspondence of the London *Times*, together with its comments on French matters. M. Carnot, on the other hand, is anxious to keep *au courant* not only of the opinion of all the newspapers of France and of Europe, but also of all that is said and printed about his person and his acts. New to his office and still full of zeal, the President goes to bed late and gets up early, and endeavors to keep the run personally of all the papers, documents, and letters that come to the Elysée.

The Elysée remains under President Carnot almost precisely the same as it was under President Grévy. Indeed, it is almost impossible to make any radical changes. The living-rooms are in the left wing of the palace; the right wing, bordering the Avenue de Marigny, is occupied by the out-building, stables, etc.; the centre is devoted to the suite of reception-rooms and galleries, which are only opened entirely when there is a ball. M. Carnot has had the palace furnished a little more stylishly than M. Grévy, but otherwise he seems to have made a point of making no changes; he has even adopted the livery which M. Grévy chose for his servants, modifying only the initials on the buttons and putting a C instead of a G.

All the officials at the Elysée have retained their posts. The general secretary and chief of the President's military household is General Brugère, who is the busiest man at the Elysée, and the man whose duties are most multifarious, and whose patience is most inexhaustible. Our illustration shows the general economizing time and annihilating distance by means of the telephone. Next comes Colonel Lichtenstein, whose duties are most miscellaneous, ranging from the examination of state papers down to the reception of queer people who come to the Elysée to solicit all kinds of favors, possible and impossible. The remaining members of the military household are Colonel Cance, Lieutenant-Colonel Dessirier, Lieutenant-Colonel Fayet, and Captain Monier. General Brugère has three assistant secretaries, and these gentlemen, together with the introducer of ambassadors and master of the ceremonies, M. Mollard, complete the household of the President.

The President's day's work begins with the correspondence of the day; and while Parliament is sitting his first important duty is to preside over the Cabinet Council, which generally meets at ten o'clock, around the table shown in our illustration. After the meeting of the Council, M. Carnot breakfasts lightly, and works all the afternoon, until the dinner hour, which his habits have fixed at seven o'clock. After dinner, M. Carnot, accompanied by his wife, often pays a visit to his father, Senator Carnot, who lives in the Rue la Boétie, at no great distance; and every Sunday the venerable Senator gives a family dinner in the Rue la Boétie, at which the President and his wife are always present. As for the duties of the President, they are those of the chief of the Executive; and according to many, the President is a sort of fifth wheel, more ornamental than useful—a mere figure-head, in fact.

In 1880, when Gambetta was yet a force in France as President of the Chamber of Deputies, and, one might almost say, virtual dictator of the republic, a provincial newspaper had the audacity to call the other President, M. Jules Grévy, a "signing machine"—*machine à signer*. The supposed insult was submitted to the appreciation of the provincial tribunal of Bourg, which had the further audacity to acquit the author of the synonym. Thus it became permissible for all French citizens to style the head of the state a "signing machine," and therefore in one of our illustrations we have thought fit to show President Carnot in the act of fulfilling this important if not chief function of his office. In one of the ground-floor rooms of the Elysée, with windows looking over the gardens, the President sits at his desk—the same desk at which President Grévy used to sit, the same desk at which Napoleon I. used to sit. Colonel Lichtenstein has just brought in the day's harvest of laws, decrees, and other official documents, and stands at the table, handing them one by one to the President, who signs them with the simple name "Carnot," without Christian name or initial. Every day there are two or three hundred signatures to be written, and over this wearisome and stultifying task the President spends daily from one to two hours. On the table, which is a splendid piece of Empire furniture, decorated with finely chased bronze ornaments, will be remarked, just to the President's left hand, a spring stamp, which he uses to frank his correspondence, one of the privileges of his high office being the right of having his letters carried gratis by the postal department. This innocent-looking stamp is already historic, inasmuch as it was by the abusive employment of it that M. Daniel Wilson first got himself into hot water, and defrauded the Treasury, according to his own modest estimate, of $8000 worth of postage. It was around this identical stamp that the great Wilson scandal began to gather, and to cloud up more and more thickly, until at last the storm broke, and wrecked in a tempest of moral ruin both M. Wilson and his father-in-law—M. Grévy. The Empire desk is also a historical piece of furniture; for, according to the traditions of the Elysée, Napoleon I. wore his sleeves shiny at it long before M. Carnot was born.

As President of the Republic, M. Carnot receives $240,000 a year, that is to say, $120,000 as salary, $60,000 for keeping up his official state, and $60,000 for travelling expenses. This money is paid in monthly instalments of $20,000, and according to M. Grévy's experience, it is insufficient. With $60,000 a year the President of the Republic cannot travel about the country, because democratic France is still full of monarchical traditions, and in every town where the President spent a single day he would be expected to make such numerous and generous gifts to hospitals, charities, and other local institutions that a visit to half a dozen towns would exhaust his year's budget. As for going and living for any length of time in one of the numerous national historic châteaux that are scattered over the surface of France, this is out of the question, because it would cost heaps of money to prepare dwelling-rooms in these châteaux, to hire servants, and to receive visitors.

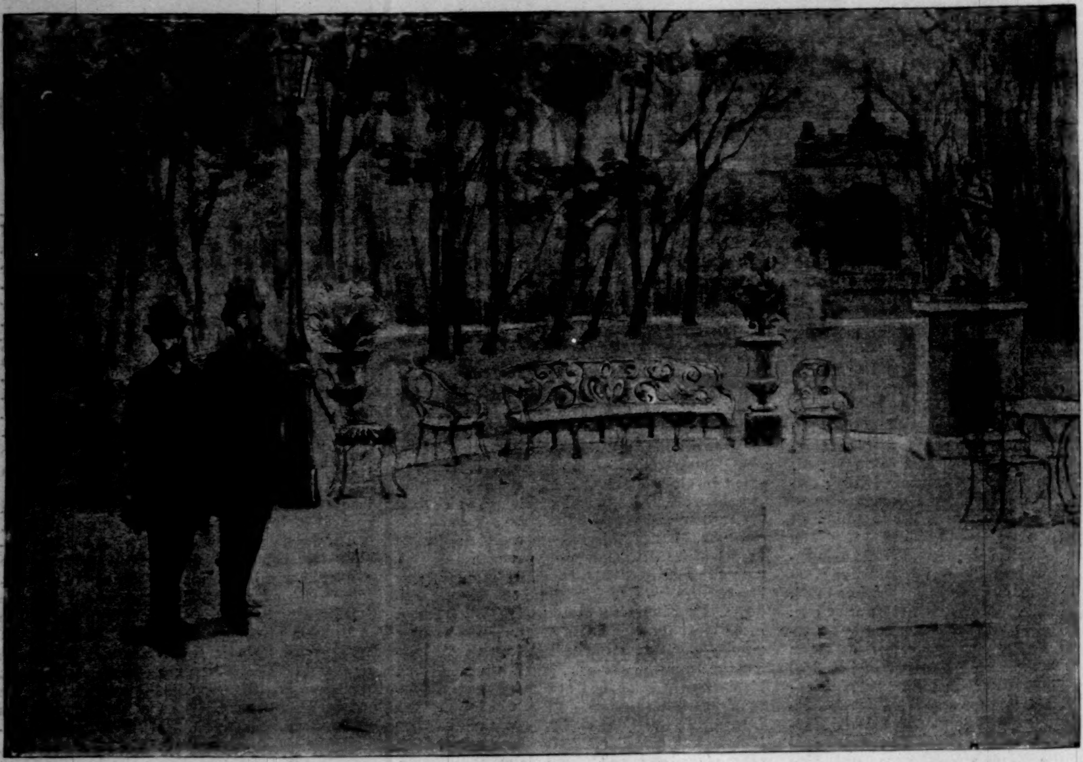
Statistics exist on this matter: a month's stay in the château of Saint-Cloud used to cost Napoleon III. exactly $100,000, and during the two and a half months which he spent every year at Compiègne, where he had hunting parties and series of guests, the same sovereign used to spend not less than $800,000. The expenses of the Elysée, according to M. Grévy, are enormous. A ball at the Elysée costs $16,000, and an official dinner from $200 to $800. The President needs eight horses, four carriages, and the necessary contingent of grooms and coachmen. Besides his own private servants, the President has to pay more than thirty *huissiers*, footmen, house-servants, gardeners, and *frotteurs*, whose duty it is to wax and polish the parquet floors of the palace, to say nothing of the introducer of ambassadors and master of ceremonies M. Mollard, and of the secretaries of the Elysée. With such heavy expenses as this important establishment implies, the only travelling that the President of the French Republic can safely undertake, without risk of upsetting the equilibrium of his budget, is a journey to the Opera or the Comédie Française, or a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, and a visit to the race-course at Longchamps.

For these reasons M. Grévy limited his hospitality at the Elysée, and gave very few dinners. M. Carnot, it is reported, intends to give a dinner every Thursday, and to invite not only politicians and diplomatists, but also scientists, artists, and men of letters, who, after dinner, will be entertained with concerts and select dancing parties, all of which looks far more practical and charming on paper than it is in reality. However, M. Carnot has re-engaged the cook who presided over the kitchens of the Elysée during M. Grévy's presidency—an artiste known in the neigborhood as "Handsome Alfred" ("le bel Alfred"). Alfred has been re-engaged at his former salary of $2400 a year, but with the assurance that his saucepans will be more active than they were under the Grévy *régime*, and his perquisites consequently more considerable. M. Grévy never having honored me with an invitation to his table, I have never had an opportunity of testing the skill of "le bel Alfred"; but I have been given to understand that, though not to be compared with the eminent Trompette, whom Gambetta enticed with a golden bait from the cooking-stove of the Baron de Rothschild to the presidential kitchens of the Palais Bourbon, Alfred is not wanting in imagination, tact, and ambition—very precious qualities in an artist whose privilege it may be to dress food for diplomatists, and by his cooking to influence the destiny of nations.

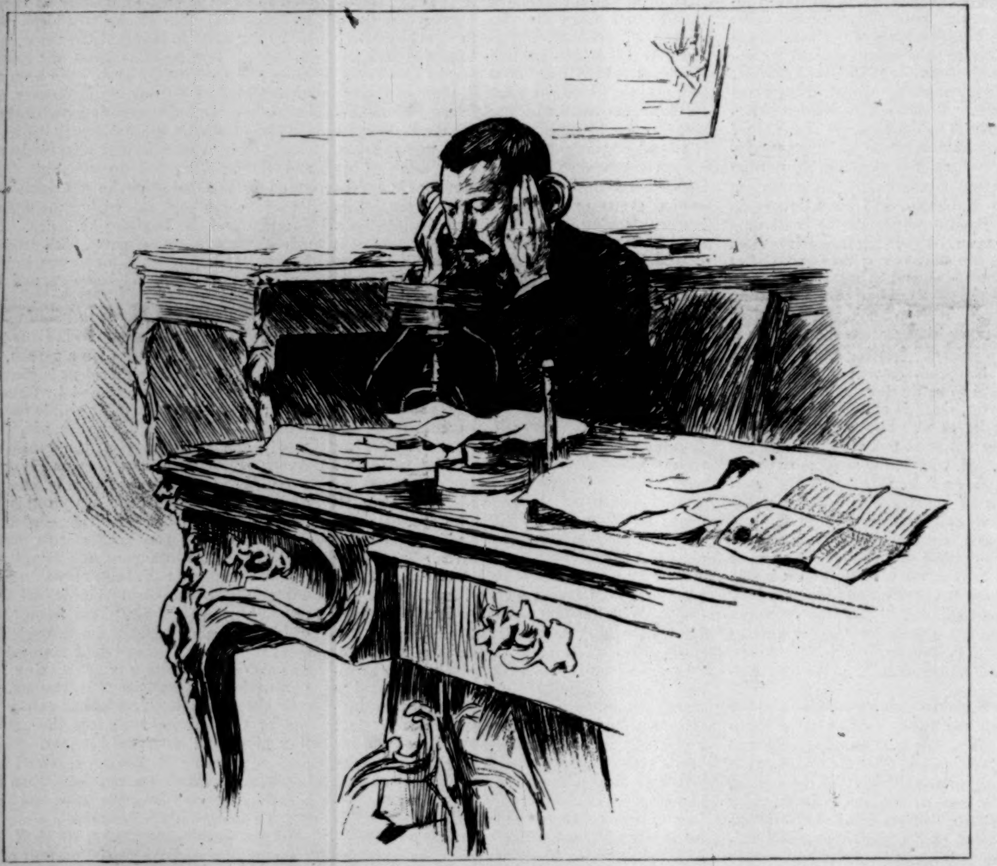
The privileges which the President enjoys besides this palace which the state places at his disposal for a habitation are the use of the *mobilier national*, or national and mostly historic furniture and tapestries preserved in the Garde Meuble—a privilege of which he avails himself for decorating the reception-rooms of the Elysée on grand occasions—the use of the state boxes at the Opera and the Comédie Française, and of the state tribunes at the race-courses of Longchamps and Auteuil, and the right of shooting and hunting over certain portions of the state domains, namely, the forests of Marly, Rambouillet, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau. Marshal MacMahon used to shoot almost exclusively at Compiègne. The shooting right of Fontainebleau has been let by the state to private individuals, and since M. Grévy's Presidency portions of the forests of Marly and Rambouillet alone have been reserved for the head of the state. M. Carnot, although he has no taste for shooting, and although he has not handled a gun for twenty years, has decided to shoot once a week alternately at Marly and Rambouillet, and to organize frequently grand battues, to which he will invite the diplomatic corps and the high state officials, the Senators and the Deputies, by series. The President's first shooting party, with twelve guns, bagged last December, in four hours, in the Marly woods, 6 roebucks, 361 pheasants, and 108 rabbits.

The garden of the Elysée is full of magnificent old trees, and one of the finest in Paris. Indeed, it is a small park rather than a garden. In one of our illustrations the President is shown taking a morning stroll, accompanied by General Brugère; the immense building visible through the trees is the Palais de l'Industrie, which is separated from the garden by the breadth of the Avenue Gabriel and the Champs Elysées. The President wears a Derby hat only, of course, on such unceremonious occasions as this morning stroll within the bounds of his garden. President Grévy was very fond of this garden, and especially of the little pond and its noisy band of ducks. Whenever M. Grévy was in doubt on any question, he used to ring his bell, ask for a piece of bread for Baby, "Pour Bébé," the name of his pet palmiped, step out through the casement window, and go and feed his ducks. This was also his favorite way of escaping from the pertinacious solicitations of M. Wilson. Whenever the ex-President wished to refuse M. Wilson, he would simply walk into the garden, weather permitting, and feed his pets. The consequence was that M. Wilson reserved his most important demands for wet days, when he knew that the elements were in his favor, and his father-in-law consequently in his power.

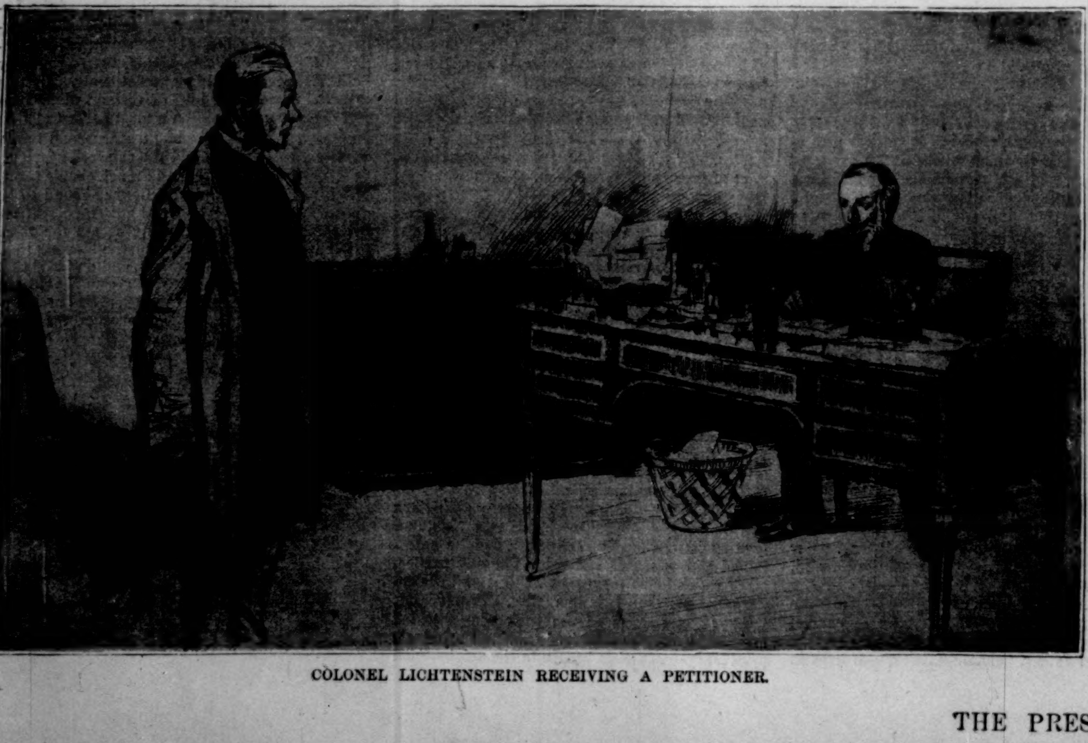
At the forth-coming Salon we shall have the pleasure of seeing the official portrait of M. Carnot by the painter Yvon. The President will be represented standing bareheaded, three-quarter face, in a dress-coat and white cravat, and wearing the plaque and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, of which order he is chief by virtue of his office. The painter says that M. Carnot is a good and docile model, keeping exactly both his pose and his appointments. In this respect he resembles his predecessor, whom Bonnat declares to have been a most patient model; M. Grévy kept his pose like a statue, and meanwhile amused himself and the painter by reciting passages from the Latin and French classic poets. M. Thiers, on the contrary, Bonnat found to be an execrable model; he could not stand still for five minutes, but kept dancing across the room to see if the artist was catching the likeness well. At last Bonnat grew impatient, and declared that neither M. Thiers nor anybody else should see the portrait until it was finished. M. Thiers rebelled at first, but finally he acquiesced, recovered his pose, and—fell asleep.



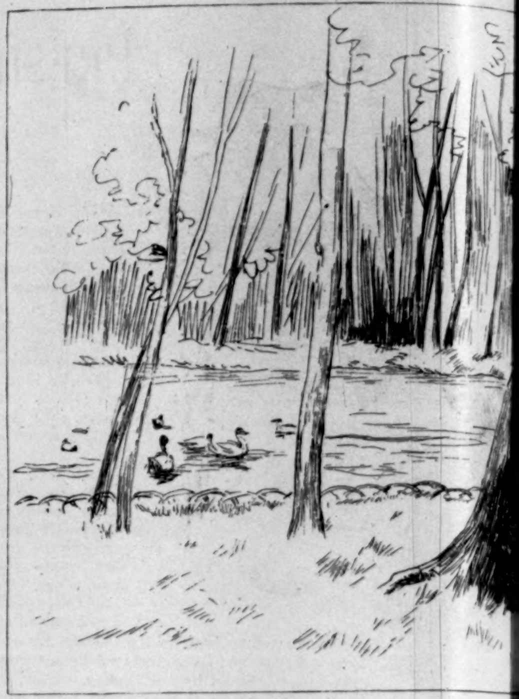
THE PRESIDENT TAKING A WALK IN THE GARDEN.



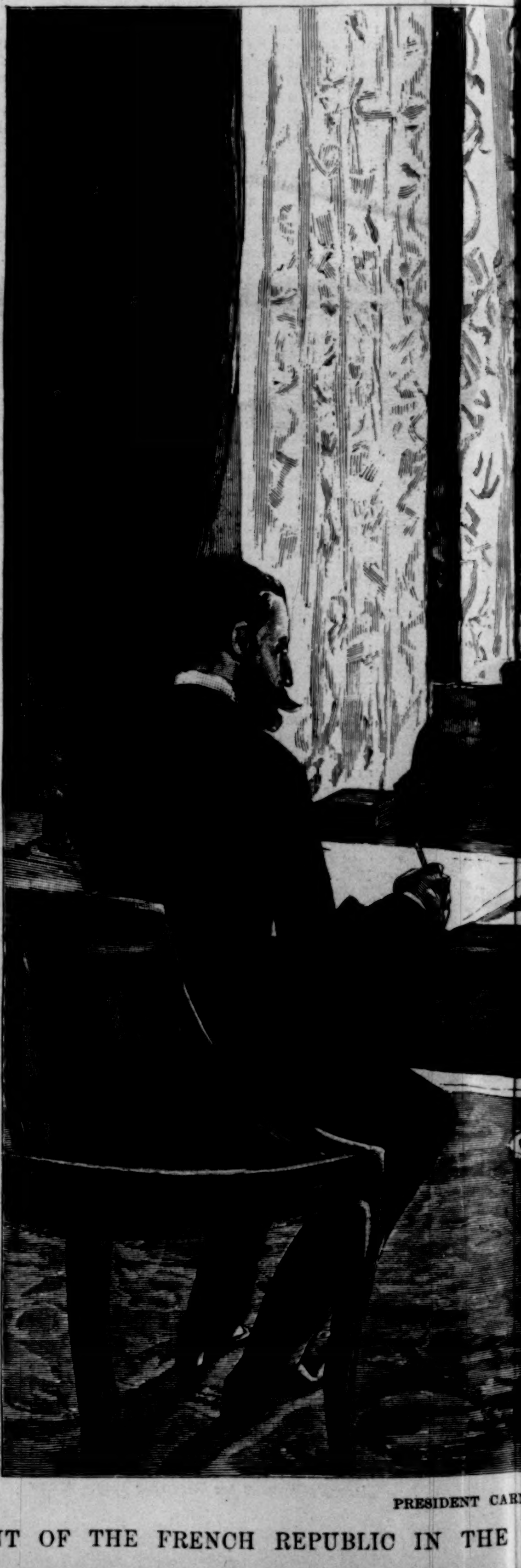
GENERAL BRUGÈRE AT THE TELEPHONE IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.



COLONEL LICHTENSTEIN RECEIVING A PETITIONER.

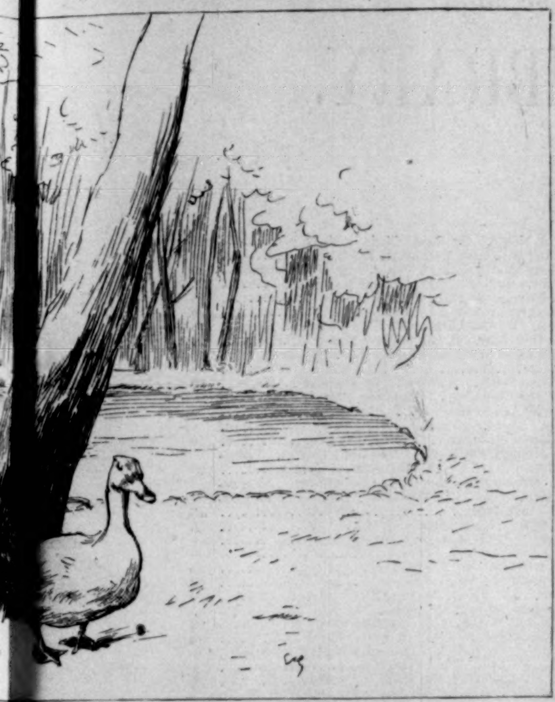


“POUR



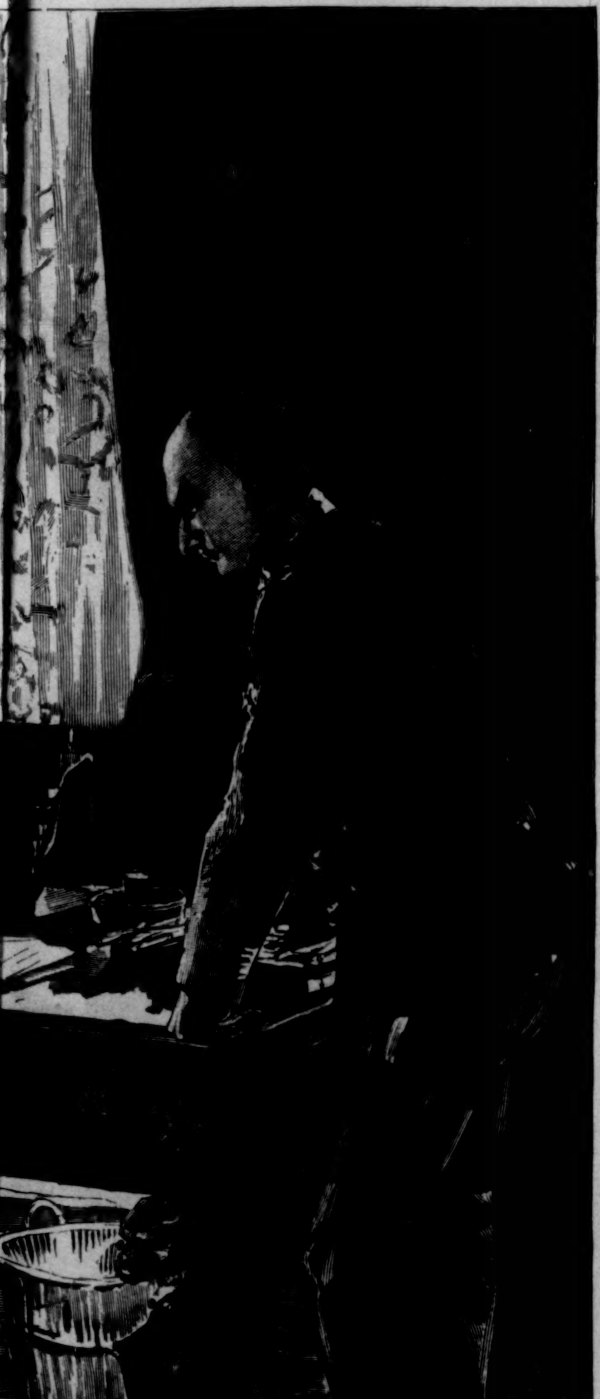
PRESIDENT CARN

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN THE

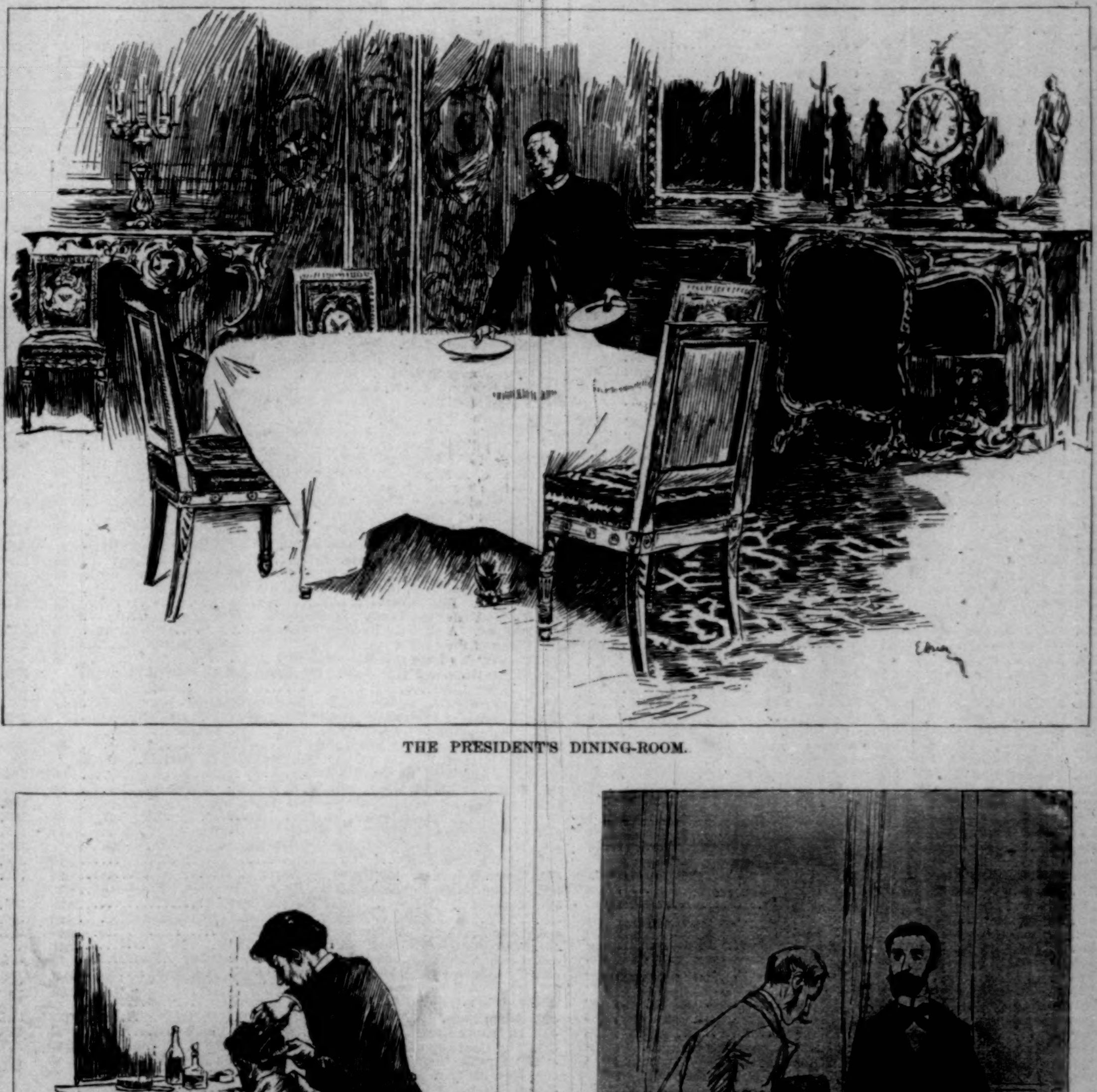


ÉBÉ !"

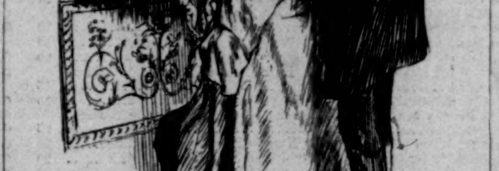
A CORNER OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL-CHAMBER.



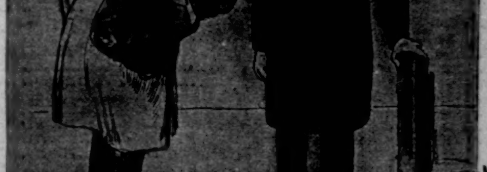
NOT AT HIS DESK.



THE PRESIDENT'S DINING-ROOM.

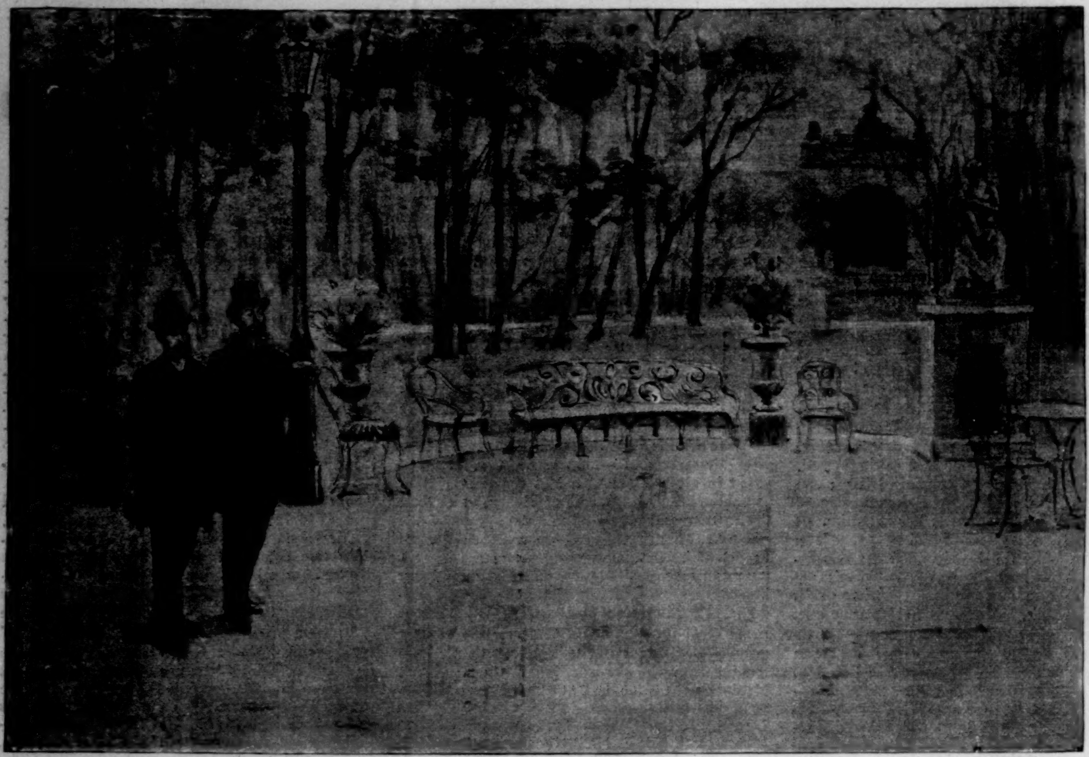


TRIMMING THE PRESIDENTIAL HAIR.

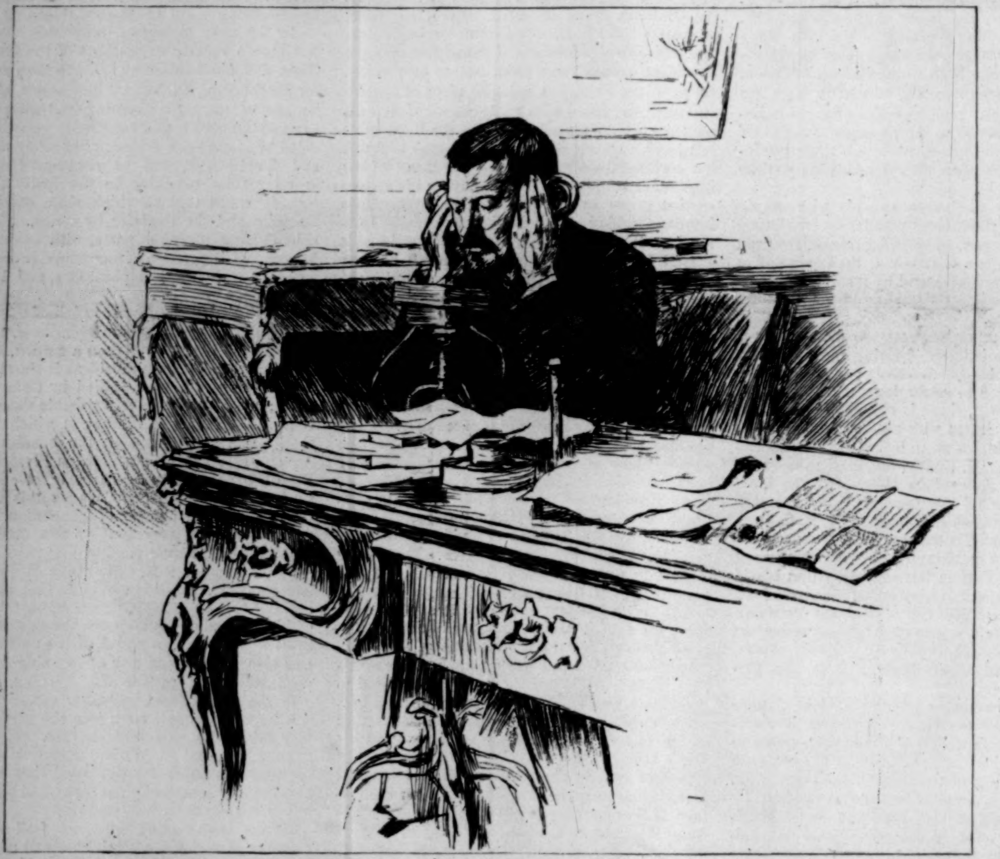


A VISIT FROM THE TAILOR.

ELYSÉE.—Drawn by P. G. Jeanniot and E. Duez.—[See Page 105.]



THE PRESIDENT TAKING A WALK IN THE GARDEN.



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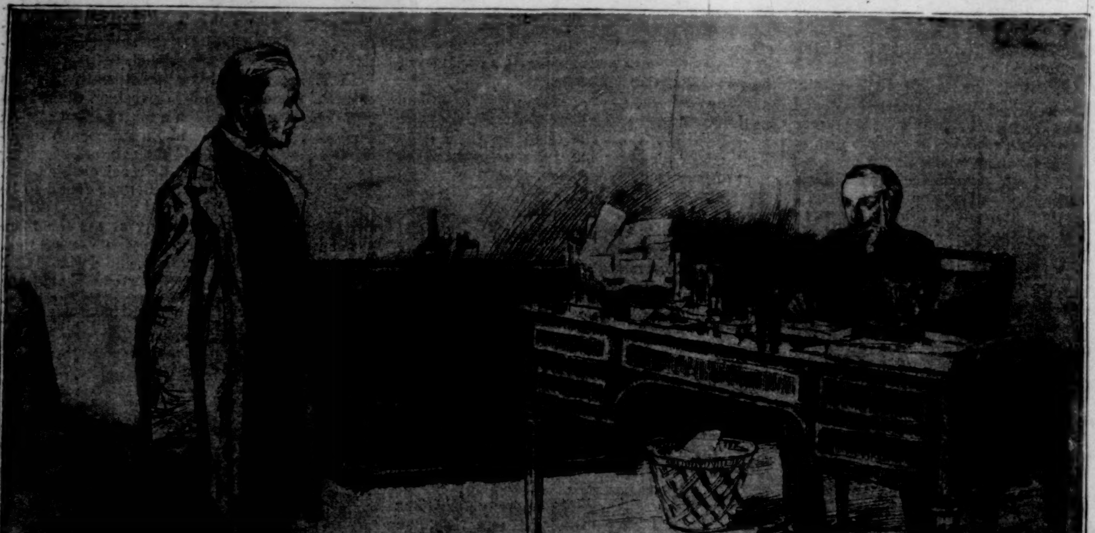

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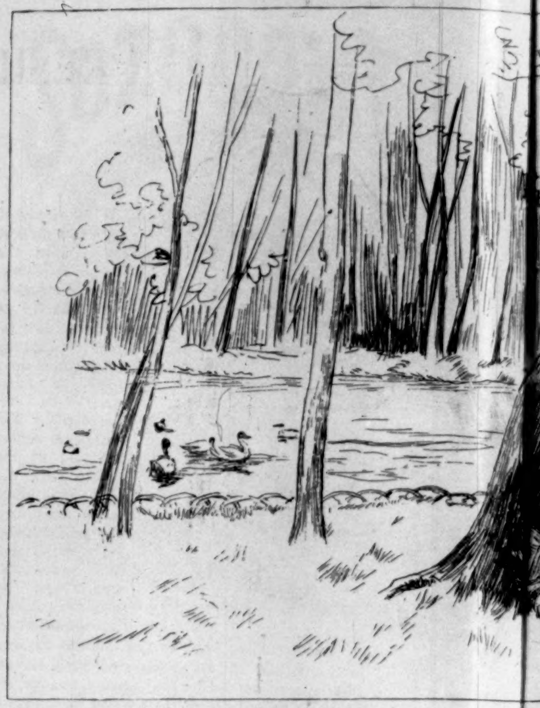
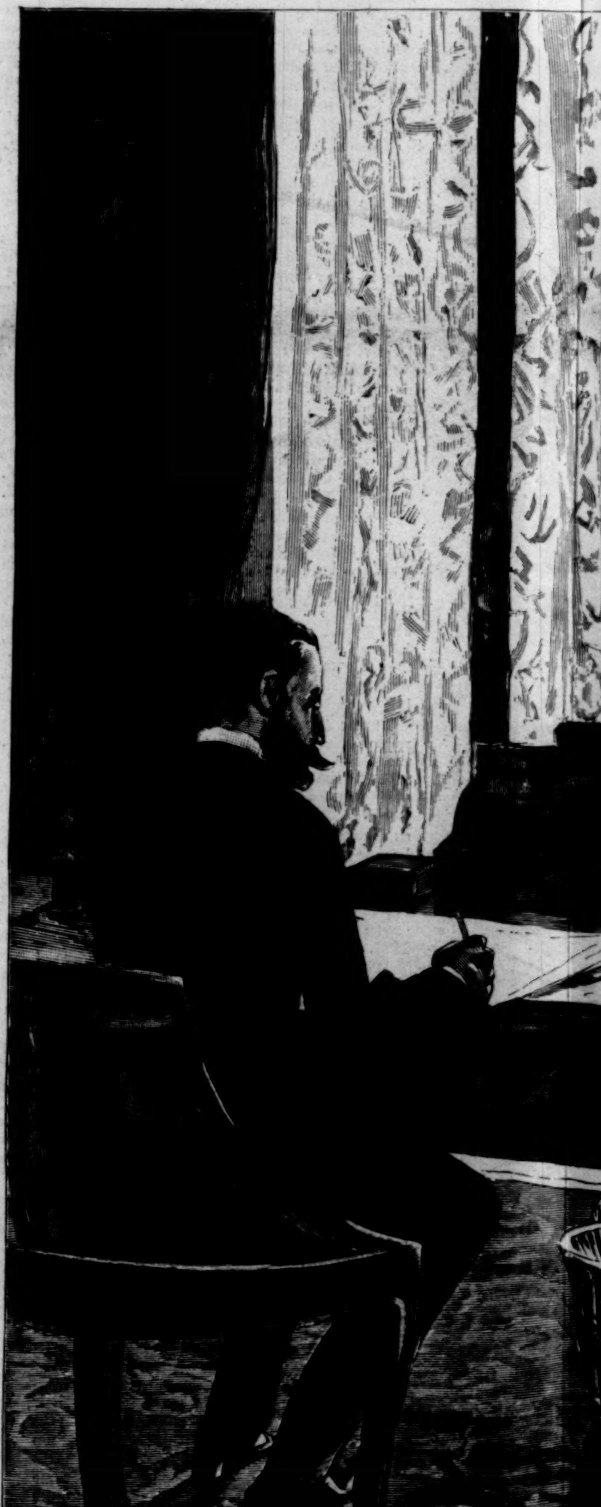
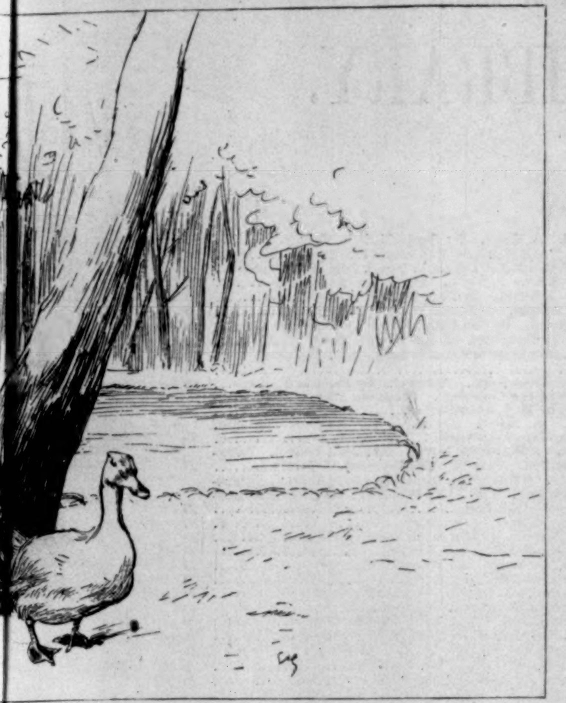


“POUR

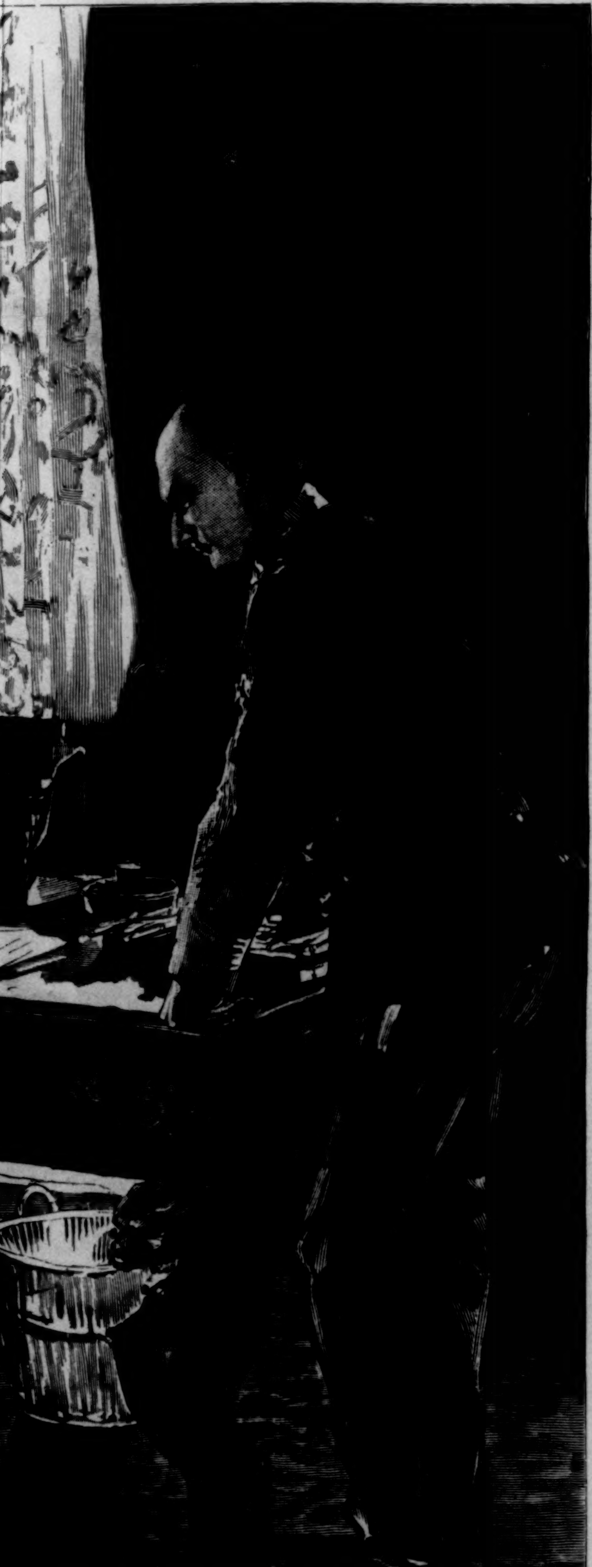


PRESIDENT CARNOT

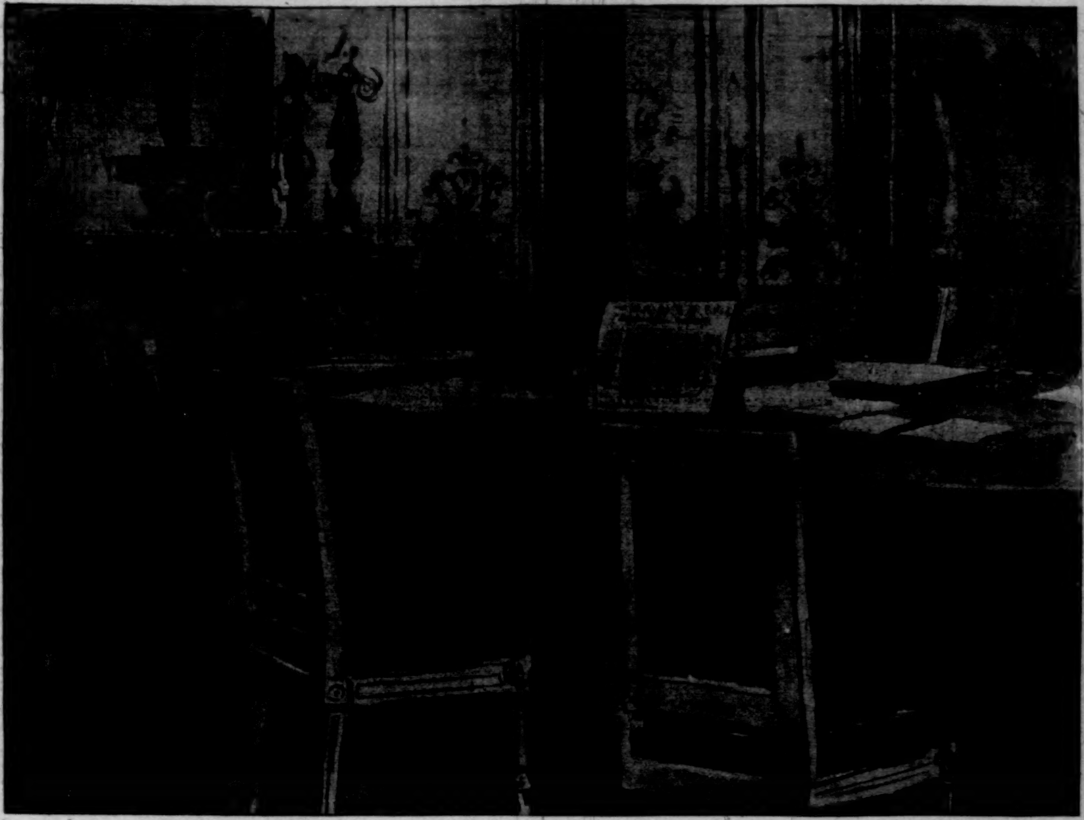
THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN THE EL



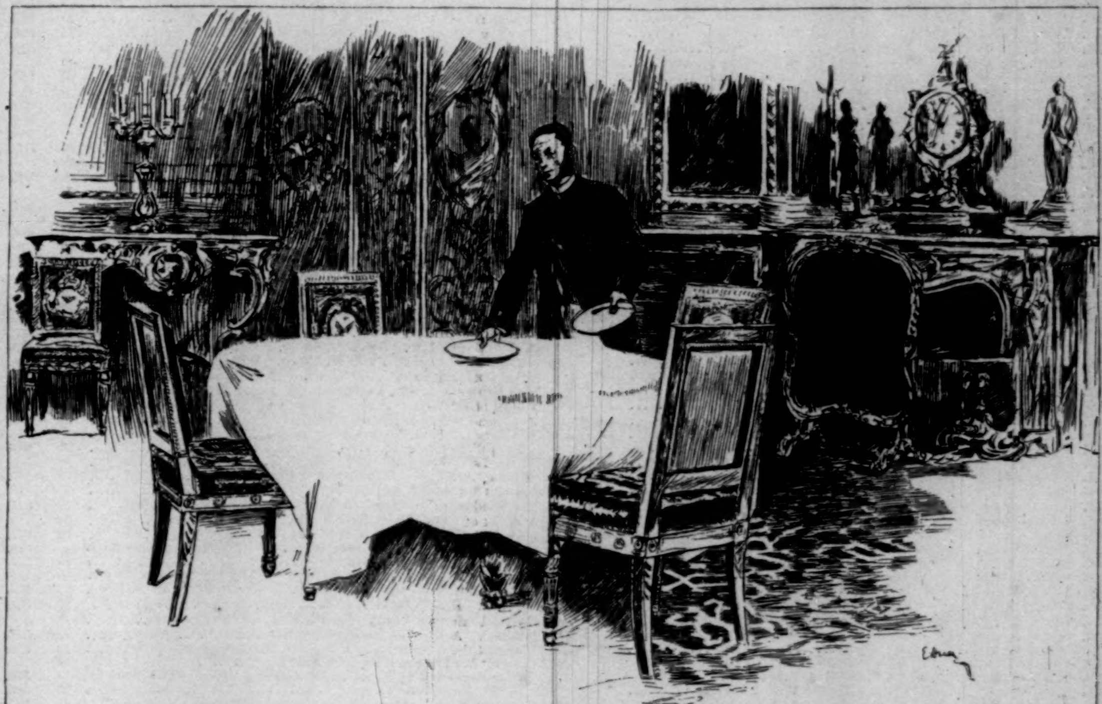
BÉBÉ !"



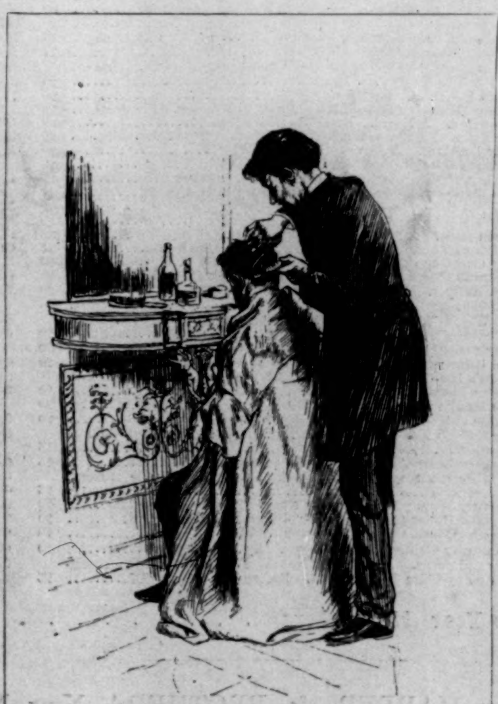
OT AT HIS DESK.



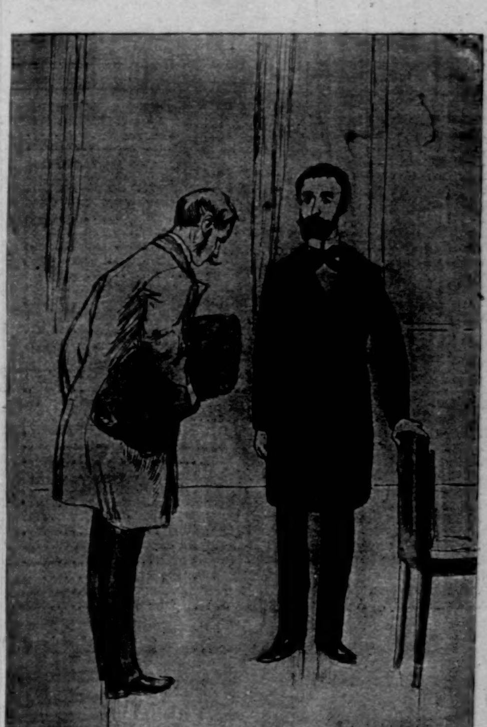
A CORNER OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL-CHAMBER.



THE PRESIDENT'S DINING-ROOM.



TRIMMING THE PRESIDENTIAL HAIR.



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